

CORONET

OCTOBER

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New Picture Story:

**JOHN STEINBECK'S
Of Mice and Men**

New Bookette:

**Behind the
Rising Sun**

New Fiction Feature

**All Routes
Covered**

CORONET

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Cover Girl

Maxine Marlowe was singing in a campus show at Ohio State U when Phil Spitalny saw her and forthwith signed her as the first member of his "all-girl" band. She became known far and wide as "Maxine with the haunting voice." About a year ago she retired, but the siren voice of a career has beckoned and she is returning to the air waves. Jon Abbot, whose specialty is glamourizing Manhattan lovelies, snapped her photograph for Coronet.

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"American Pepperpot" are the words for Panama, where spies are thick as molasses, sin is cheap, and hidden defenses abound



Impregnable Panama

by MICHAEL EVANS

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AT NIGHT searchlights finger the sky, crossing and criss-crossing in lateral patterns that endlessly shift and change. From a wicker chair on the porch of the Hotel Tivoli you can hear droning airplanes on ceaseless patrol.

Out beyond the harbor gray warships swish slowly through the night-darkened water, and the soft wind from the back country whispers with the clank of machinery, the whine of winches and the grinding gears of big trucks.

Europe and Africa lie five thousand miles to the east of Panama, but from the Victorian veranda of the Hotel Tivoli you can almost see the flash of gunfire on the horizon. The searchlights, the planes, the day-and-night crews sweating to start the third set of locks and build new defenses back in the lush jungle, the transports

bringing more men, more materials, more guns, more planes, have moved Panama into the war zone.

At the cocktail hour the patio of the Tivoli is crowded with starchy naval officers, deep-tanned young Army men, engineers snatching a day's leave from their tropical barracks, perspiring upper-crust civil servants, fresh young stenographers just down from Washington, contractors and concessionaries and a few sleek Panama government officials.

Sitting in a quiet corner, there was apt to be—as late as last June—a pleasant young Japanese in civilian dress, drinking weak Scotch and soda and entertaining a Latin friend or two. There was a clean-cut blond businessman with square military shoulders and just a suspicion of a Teutonic

accent sitting with a dark-haired woman in her thirties with red lips and quick, cynical eyes. If you ask the Chief of Naval Intelligence whether these people are spies, he laughs and says: "If they are, they won't get away with anything."

There are two Panamas. One is the ten-mile-wide strip of territory across the forty-six-mile isthmus which is leased in perpetuity by the United States. This is the Canal Zone. Here waves the stars and stripes. The other Panama is the sovereign Republic of Panama, one of America's twenty-one "good neighbors." The Canal Zone is the Republic's bread-and-butter and its only *raison d'être*. Before Theodore Roosevelt, Panama was not a Republic but only a fever-ridden province of Colombia.

This curious set-up leads to endless complications. On the Pacific side of the Isthmus Balboa and Ancon are in the Zone, and Panama City is in the Republic. But Balboa, Ancon and Panama are separate cities only in theory; the international boundary runs down the middle of a business street.

When Republic of Panama police last winter tried to arrest Ted Scott, editor of the *Panama-American*, he jumped out of the police car, dashed across the street

into the Canal Zone, sat down under a palm tree and thumbed his nose at his captors. He was perfectly safe—in U. S. territory—until the Panama police persuaded Zone police to lead Scott across the street again.

THE PRESIDENT of Panama since last October has been Dr. Arnulfo Arias, suave, pencil-moustached, Harvard-educated and Axis indoctrinated. Dr. Arias provides the pepper for the Panama stew.

Only thirty-nine, Arias describes his program as "Panama for the Panamanians." He knows that Washington does not want to provide the Yanqui-haters with a fresh sample of aggression. So he gaily proceeds with his program despite the open charge that he is on the Axis payroll.

Gasoline was poured on these fires several months ago by the raucous *Panama-American*, a slam-bang English-Spanish newspaper, edited in the frontier tradition of the American Wild West. The newspaper happens to be owned by Arias' brother, Harmadio, himself an ex-President of Panama. Little love is lost between them, and it was this feud which led to Editor Scott's difficulties.

The burden of the *Panama-American's* charges was that Arias'

fine words about Panama for the Panamanians were simply a cloak for a deliberate program, suggested and abetted by the Axis, to cause embarrassment and trouble for the United States. Whatever the truth of the charge, it is known that Arias spent a number of years in Europe in the Panamanian diplomatic service, many of them in Italy. There he gained a frank admiration for the totalitarian way of getting things done. It is also a fact that Arias' personal secretary, Antono Isoza Aguelera, was for a long time Panamanian consul at Hamburg where he imbibed a vociferous admiration for National Socialism.

For these reasons as well as the fact that Panama is the most important crossroads of the western hemisphere, the United States maintains in the Zone one of the strongest counter-espionage detachments on duty anywhere.

Panama ranks with Hawaii, Singapore, Suez, Gibraltar, New York and London for control of the seas.

LIKE ANY sea crossroads, Panama is polyglot. War has only heightened the mixture of races. At the bottom are native Indian peons, few of pure blood. At the top of Panamanian society is a thin crust of pseudo-Spanish aristocracy. There are a good many Italians, a sprinkling of industrious German businessmen who may or may not report back to Berlin, and many Japanese. The arrest of Japanese for taking pictures in restricted areas is a fairly familiar occurrence. There are even more Chinese—hard-working individuals who held a virtual monopoly of Panama's saloon industry until Arias decided to "nationalize" the bars, forcing them to sell out at ten cents on the dollar. And of course there are the



girls of the Panamanian red light districts—girls from every brothel center in the world. Their industry in Panama is a million dollar industry; and it never has boomed like today.

The core of the Zone is a bloc of about 8,000 Canal employees, rivaling India for the rigidity of its caste structure. Probably nowhere in the world do Americans live on such a paternalistic, clock-work basis. They draw standard rates of pay which increase infinitesimally with years of service. They advance solely by seniority. They live in government houses, carefully graded and assigned by salary. An \$1,800-a-year clerk lives in one type of house. When he is boosted to \$2,000 he is allowed to move into the house vacated by the man who has advanced to the \$2,250 bracket, etc.

Then there is the Army, Navy and Marine garrison. The size of the American armed forces is, technically, a military secret. But it is revealing nothing to report that it now numbers upwards of 40,000 men. On top of that are the American engineering and contracting personnel, brought in for the work on defenses and locks. At the bottom are thousands of Negro laborers, drawn from all over the West Indies for the big construc-

tion projects. Most of them come from Jamaica.

Stir that combination well, mix in an Army and Navy pay day, turn the clock up to Saturday night, and you've got dynamite.

PANAMA night life centers in two spots, Colon on the Atlantic side and Panama City on the Pacific side. There's not much difference except that Panama City is somewhat larger. The mass concentration of prostitutes in the curiously-named Cocoanut Grove at Panama may be the world's densest. Sin there is not a fancy affair. Prices are low, the turnover is fast, and there's always another customer waiting.

On Saturday nights the soldiers, sailors, marines and construction workers throng into the narrow, crowded streets. The morning grist of brawls in Cocoanut Grove is a weekly feature of the Panama papers, but the total of stabbings, robberies and mayhem usually is surprisingly brief.

You can see the reason for this as you stroll through the Grove. Walking quietly through the crowd with an alert eye for trouble are the military police—the MP's of the Army, Navy and Marine Corps. At the first sign of disorder they go into action. They do

more. They spot incipient trouble. When they sight a soldier who has had one drink too many, they rustle him out of the crowd as neatly as a cow pony works a steer out of the herd. Most of the slug-gings, rollings, holdups, murders and other crimes occur at scattered saloons and beer parlors off their route.

It is hard to say how real the spy menace is at Panama. Every few months some grubby individual, usually a German or a Japanese, is convicted of espionage by the Federal Courts in the Zone and sentenced to prison. The only Axis Minister who is maintained in Panama is an Italian. Japan and Germany contented themselves with consulates. Whatever Nazi espionage has gone on at Panama presumably was under the aegis of Dr. Otto Rheinbeck, the Nazi minister to Guatemala with general supervision of all Central American affairs.

Maps of the Canal, of course, have been published so often and in such minute detail that no military intelligence service in the world is without them. It takes no military expert to spot the most vulnerable features of the Canal—the lock mechanisms and, even more important, the dams which keep the waters of the reservoirs

from trickling out to sea. Damage that would allow the reservoir waters to be released into the ocean would block the Canal for months or even years. No matter how quickly the damage was repaired the locks would be useless until the reservoirs filled up again.

Luckily, the chances of such damage are slight—as are the chances that Axis agents will learn much concerning the new defenses of Panama. The anti-aircraft guns, the secret pursuit plane stations, the searchlight battery posts, the mine fields, the submarine nets—all are well hidden and jealously guarded.

An American newspaperman, in the Zone recently, was taken by an Army officer to see some of the gun posts back in the jungle. Camouflage concealed the actual guns so thoroughly that he had to ask his guide to point them out. Many of the Canal's key defenses are mobile and constantly on the move. This is true of the big railroad guns which provide the major defense against sea attack. These huge guns will fire thirty miles to sea, a far greater range than any battleship afloat.

The biggest secret of the Canal defense scheme is the plan which is said to have been evolved to camouflage the vital locks and

their approaches from the air. Naturally, no such camouflage can be undertaken in advance of actual war. Japanese ships still pass through the canal, and up to the moment of declaration German and Italian ships possess the theoretical right of transit just as much as any others.

Danger of a ship being blown up or sunk in the locks has been cut to a minimum by placing U. S. military guards on every ship in transit and inspecting every ship from the pit of the hold up before it starts the trip.

These precautions have added several hours to the normal Canal transit which used to take only seven or eight hours. Even so, the

speed with which the Canal handles traffic is indicated by a recent test when the whole U. S. fleet went through in something less than sixty hours.

It's a safe bet that despite Axis espionage and despite local hell-raising, the Panama Canal will be the safest spot in the American defense set-up no matter what develops.

—*Suggestions for further reading:*

THE PANAMA CANAL (Nov. 5)
by Norman J. Padelford \$4.00
The Macmillan Company, New York

PANAMA, PAST AND PRESENT
by Farnham Bishop \$2.50
D. Appleton-Century Company, New York

STRATEGY OF THE AMERICAS
by Cushman Reynolds
and Fleming MacLiesh \$2.50
Duell, Sloan & Pearce, Inc., New York

Race for Life

THE most famous foot-race in Western history was won by John Colter against the greatest odds a white man ever overcame. Colter, an early-day scout of the Rocky Mountain region, was captured by Black-foot Indians, stripped and forced to run for his life. Six miles across a cactus studded plain he raced in his bare feet, straining to outrun six hundred fast Blackfoot warriors. A mile short

of his goal, the Jefferson River, where he expected to hide, he was overtaken by one of the braves. He managed to kill the Indian, though and to continue to the river, where he hid under a raft of driftwood. Thereafter for seven days, naked under a burning sun and without weapons to secure food, he traveled through the wilderness to reach Fort Lisa, the nearest habitation.

—GEORGE R. STUDEBAKER

The argument for "Test Tube Babies" has many obstacles to surmount—both legal and psychological; here is the picture today



Babies by Semi-Adoption

by GRETTA PALMER

THE FIRST census ever taken of the test-tube baby population of the country, just completed, shows more than 9,500 American tots who owe their existence to that startling procedure known as "artificial insemination."

What's more, the number of such babies alive today may be many times as great as the report shows. Inquiries were sent only to 30,000 of America's 150,000 doctors, and only 7,642 replied. Of these, more than half reported personal experience in performing successful insemination.

Test-tube babies fall into two great classes: those whose fathers are married to their mothers but are prevented by some physical obstruction from siring them normally, and those infants whose mothers were impregnated from an outside "donor." These, doc-

tors term "semi-adopted."

In the general population, 106 boys are born to every 100 girls; according to the census, the ratio in the case of the semi-adopted children is 143 to 100, and in the case of husband-sired test-tube children, 161 boys to 100 girls. The census included three sets of twins: according to the general population expectancy, there should be 114 sets of twins and one of triplets. Miscarriages occurred in but 2.3 per cent of the reported test-tube cases, a very low figure, since about eight per cent of normal pregnancies end in miscarriages.

Few of America's test-tube children have reached their tenth birthdays, since artificial insemination, although an old medical conception, has had a widespread use only since 1930.

It was in that year that the National Research Foundation for Eugenic Alleviation of Sterility became interested in the problem of male sterility. And when stubborn cases failed to yield to any known treatment, many doctors began to turn to artificial insemination to solace their disappointed patients, today the production of synthetic babies is an industry which has grown by leaps and bounds.

THE USUAL procedure is for a married couple to exhaust every hope of curing the husband's sterility—surgical and medical—before attempting test-tube methods. No reputable physician will undertake the insemination without full consent of the husband, and complete secrecy surrounds the operations. The child, to his own belief and that of family friends, is the offspring of his mother's husband.

In order to avoid psychological complications, couples are never told the identity of the donor and never see him face to face: this prevents a mother's fancying a resemblance and whipping up a romantic interest in the father. The donor, for his part, does not know the name of the woman he is to benefit, and payments are

arranged in such a way that he can never trace his employers.

The choice of a donor is a complicated and delicate matter, and physicians are at some variance in their requirements. All of them agree, however, that the man must be in sound health, must be free of any hereditary taint or record of venereal infection, must possess good character, better than average intelligence and a high fertility.

Doctors also agree that the donor must approach the physical and racial type of the husband—no brown-eyed man would be considered if the mother and the soi-disant father both possessed blue eyes. Nordic, Latin and Semitic types are conscientiously matched. Doctors go so far as to trace the heredity of all concerned for several generations in their efforts to match stock: they reject northern Italian donors as substitutes for southern Italian husbands. Even blood-types are often matched.

The disagreement about donors concerns the appropriate age. Most doctors engage medical students and internes of unblemished health and reputation. Other physicians make use of the professional blood-donors on call at their hospitals. The attitude of

the Research Foundation is drastically different: they select donors who are at least thirty-five years old and have special achievements to their credit. The closer their donors come to the "genius" classification, the better pleased they are. They prefer to use a few men over and over again, in the hope of collecting data to advance their eugenic studies. For this reason, mothers-to-be must also submit to an intelligence test and meet certain standards.

The Foundation's lists include a number of concert musicians of different racial types, available when women of corresponding strains appear. Artists and professors are also on call.

Children sired under these auspices are brought back to the Foundation annually for exhaustive mental and physical tests, whose results will be published in 1951. Already these children have shown that they possess Intelligence Quotients far beyond the average.

Two years ago Dr. Seymour reported in the *Journal of the American Medical Association* on the progress of thirteen semi-adopted children, all sired by the same man, but claiming thirteen different mothers.

Eleven of these children were

boys. Their sire is an eminent figure in his profession, a college graduate and the happy owner of an Intelligence Quotient of 120 (genius on the Binet tests). He has a wife and two children of his own (unusual among donors—physicians usually insist that these be bachelors since they believe that few wives can remain indifferent to such extramural propagation).

REPORTS on artificial insemination appear with fair frequency in medical publications today. Dr. William H. Cary, writing in the *American Medical Journal* recently, described thirty-five cases. Using a donor, Dr. Cary succeeded in impregnating ten women out of seventeen, after attempts which ranged from one to six in number. Using the husbands' semen, he achieved only four pregnancies, after thirty-seven attempts on eighteen women. In giving details of four of his successful cases, he says that results were obtained after the first try in two cases, the second try in one and the third try in another.

Patience is often required of the woman who wishes to become a mother by this method. Dr. Alan F. Guttmacher of Johns

Hopkins has reported his success in giving five pregnancies to three couples who would otherwise have remained childless. Dr. Gutt-macher, who used semen bought from medical students, reported that one of these women required twenty-three inseminations, one per month, before becoming pregnant. In another case, reported to the Research Foundation, seventy-two consecutive inseminations were required. Latest reports indicate that success follows, most often, after the twelfth, fourteenth and fifteenth attempts, in that order. But occasionally the very first is effective.

The extraordinary improvements in results obtained in the past few years are traced, by some doctors, to the increased medical understanding of the exact time at which a woman's ovulation occurs. Older generations of doctors often attempted insemination at the very beginning or very end of the menstrual cycle, when many a woman is practically sterile. Since this misapprehension has been corrected, much better results have been obtained.

BUT AFTER medical research has perfected the timing and technique of the procedure, certain serious

problems still will remain. There is, for instance, the matter of the mother's psychology: will her marriage suffer from the existence of a shadow-lover in the background? Some psychiatrists believe that it may. Others stress the blow suffered by the husband's vanity through the semi-adoptive procedure — they say that he may be subconsciously impelled to revenge himself for this whacking hurt to his pride by maltreating his wife or her child.

There may be legal complications, as well. Magistrate Jeanette Brill of New York has said, "The presumption of the law is that a child born in wedlock is legitimate. But in a test-tube case, where the 'father' knows that he is *not* the father, I can't see how the child can be anything but illegitimate." Another well-known lawyer, James D. C. Murray, disagrees: "If the husband agrees to the plan," he has said, "a charge of adultery could never be brought against the wife and mother." He believes the husband's consent is analogous to legal adoption and that the child will be established as the legal heir.

The history of artificial insemination as an experimental science is long—but its history

as a practical solution to male sterility is limited to a very few recent years. Its future remains murky, for semi-adoption has many barriers to hurdle both legal and psychological—before it is firmly established.

But the existence of such a technique is of personal interest to many Americans today; fifteen per cent of all married couples are involuntarily childless today, according to physicians' estimates. There are some three million marriages in which sterility prevents childbearing, and in around half of these cases, doctors believe, an

outside donor's sperm might bring happy results.

The solution of semi-adoption may appeal to only a fraction of the millions who cannot have the children they wish by normal means. But they may take comfort in knowing that a solution does exist and that it is at their disposal in the nearest gynecologist's consulting-room.

—*Suggestions for further reading:*

A MARRIAGE MANUAL
by Hannah and Abraham Stone \$2.50
Simon and Schuster, Inc., New York

STERILITY AND IMPAIRED FERTILITY
by Cedric Lane-Roberts \$5.50
Harper & Brothers, New York

Free Air

IT WAS at Paris in the early part of the nineteenth century that the two famous scientists, Humboldt and Gay-Lussac made the first experiments which led to the invention of the barometer. Things were going well, until it became imperative that they secure some glass tubes in order to continue with their work. At this time, these were manufactured only in Germany; and to make matters worse, the German Customs had forbidden their exportation.

Finally, Humboldt had an

idea. He sent to the German factory an order to speed to him two dozen glass tubes, tightly closed and sealed at each end. Each tube was to bear the label: GERMAN AIR.

When the tubes arrived at the Customs, the puzzled German officials shook their heads, examined their books, debated for some time. Finally, they concluded reluctantly: "Air is not on the *Verboten* list. Let the shipment go through."

It was thus that the precious tubes were secured—and duty-free! —BLANCHE S. KAHN



The Coronet Monthly Gallup Report:

"If Nazi women can do their part, so can we," said one American woman, reflecting the opinions of most women who would be eligible for draft. Yet, this month's Coronet Gallup investigation reveals American men strongly oppose any such move. Who should decide?

Should Women Be Drafted?

by DR. GEORGE GALLUP

The Issue:

Should we start now to draft women between the ages of 21 and 35 to train them for jobs in wartime?

How the Public Votes:

Yes.....48%
No.....52%

How Women Aged 21-35 Vote:

Yes.....54%
No.....46%

A comment on this opinion

The above question is one of the most controversial issues connected with the whole subject of the draft. It is so controversial that Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt when she said a few months ago that "the time is coming when we are going to have to face this question" of drafting women, also admitted that it is a topic which "officials shun like the plague."

Yet in Britain women 20 and 21 have already been registered for compulsory war-work and the move was approved by over three-fourths of the voters in a special survey of public opinion.

While the United States as a whole is about evenly divided in its sentiments on the issue, note that a majority of women between the ages of 21 and 35 are in favor of such a draft—and they are the ones who would be subject to it. The idea, as put forward by the advocates of the plan, would be to train women in ambulance, first aid and field nursing work, handling of crowds during air raids and fire-fighting. As the plan is now envisioned, most girls would put in their year of training at home and would leave home only if they desired some type of training which they could not get at home. Thus, while the girls would

be formally and officially drafted for a year, there would be no draft camps for women as there now are for men.

A fair-sized number of women interviewed in the survey point out that the totalitarian powers haven't overlooked the value of training women. Others claim that in modern total warfare, activities behind the front lines and at home play a more vital role than heretofore, so that women must turn out and help.

BUT THOSE who oppose the draft idea say it is not necessary at this stage to train women, that a woman's place is in the home, and that in any case the drafting of women for war training would just be copying the dictators.

It is interesting to note that the majority of men are apparently scared to death by the proposal to draft women. Men interviewed in the survey were against it by a ratio of nearly six to four. Indeed, the reason why the national vote came out adverse to the plan was because so many men oppose it. From this evidence it seems clear the chief task of those public leaders who favor the drafting of women will be not so much to get women accustomed to the idea as to get men accustomed to it.

A well-known writer consults many different sources about that rare species, the New Yorker—and gets these many different replies



New Yorkers Are People

by CURT RIESS

IF YOU want to find out what's wrong with the New Yorker, the natural person to ask is a cop.

That is what I did. It isn't difficult. I think the New York police force is the nicest in the world, because it's the only police force that doesn't treat everybody who happens to own a car as a criminal. There are more than 19,000 cops in New York, but didn't talk to all of them—just to McGilligan.

He cleared his throat and said that he didn't think the New Yorker on the whole was so bad. "Of course, I mean when it comes to crime and vice," he explained,

and then he plunged right into crime and vice.

When cops speak of crime and vice, you almost get the idea that they didn't become cops because

they wanted to exterminate those evils, but because they are so fond of talking about them. They can talk about them for hours.

McGilligan started telling about gambling. He talked about

the policy game—a racket that has infested the city from Harlem down to the Battery. He spoke of horses, too. Of course, betting on them has been legalized lately. But bookies are still illegal, and most betting is still done via the

Curt Riess feels he has a particularly good perspective on New York, being not quite on the inside looking out nor yet on the outside looking in. The second time he saw Manhattan (in 1930, as correspondent for the famed Paris Soir) he put the metropolis down as third choice, after Paris and Berlin, of all places in which he'd like to live. After the occupation of France, he returned to New York which, by elimination, had become his "choicest spot on earth." Hollywood is the one-hundred thirty-fourth on his list, between Paris, Arkansas, and Paris, Illinois.

corner cigar store. He thinks a million bets a day would be a conservative average.

And then, surprisingly enough, McGilligan said, "Yeah. New Yorkers are suckers, all right. They think they are so much smarter than anybody else, but they're the biggest suckers of all. You just tell them how they can make money the easy way, and they lose their shirt. Some smart guys!"

He didn't linger long on the subject of prostitution and just mentioned in passing that the dope situation still was pretty bad. Marihuana. And about 50,000 heroin and opium addicts.

"But statistics show that the rest of the country is no better than New York—I mean when it comes to crime," he added, not without genuine pride. "The New York crime rate is about 1,028 per 100,000; the crime rate for the nation as a whole is 1,168 per 100,000. Not bad," McGilligan said. "Not bad at all. Just about 5,000 cases of assault and 275 cases of murder and manslaughter. Not bad at all."

No, it isn't bad. And yet what about all those people who dislike New Yorkers from the very bottoms of their boots? According to statistics, there are forty million non-New Yorkers coming into New

York every year. They know very well that New York is the world's capital. They know that you have to come to New York if you want to reach the top in any line or profession. They know that New York is the beginning and the end of the great career.

But as to the New Yorker—they just don't like him. And some of them have suggested more than once that he should be given back to the Indians.



I HAVE interviewed a businessman from Philadelphia, a professor from Cambridge, and about a dozen others from Texas, Idaho, Michigan, Maine and Nevada. And here is the verdict: all of them feel that New Yorkers are arrogant and snobbish, smug and self-satisfied. The New Yorker, they vow, may have a vague idea that there is a world beyond the city limits. He has heard of a place called Texas, where people wear big hats and do a lot of fancy riding. He knows that if you go far enough south you'll meet people who for some mysterious reason are all colonels, drink mint juleps and never do a day's work. Of course they know all about

Hollywood: it takes you three days to get there, and then you go to a party every day in the year. On the way back you might even stop off at Reno, where everybody gets a divorce.

Maybe that sounds funny. But it isn't so funny. After all ignorance is only a product of something which is much more serious. What the non-New Yorker reproaches the New Yorker for is that he doesn't care; that he doesn't give a damn; that he's self-satisfied and smug.

And 120,000,000 Americans can't be wrong. Or can they?

To answer this question, it would be necessary to find the average New Yorker.



DURING my search for the typical New Yorker, I pounced upon a lot of innocent bystanders. The Italian waiter in the little neighborhood restaurant. A German chambermaid in a big hotel. A Hungarian playwright stranded in the Stork Club. A Negro boxer in Stillman's Gym. A Jewish delicatessen owner on the lower East Side. And twenty-nine Chinese laundrymen.

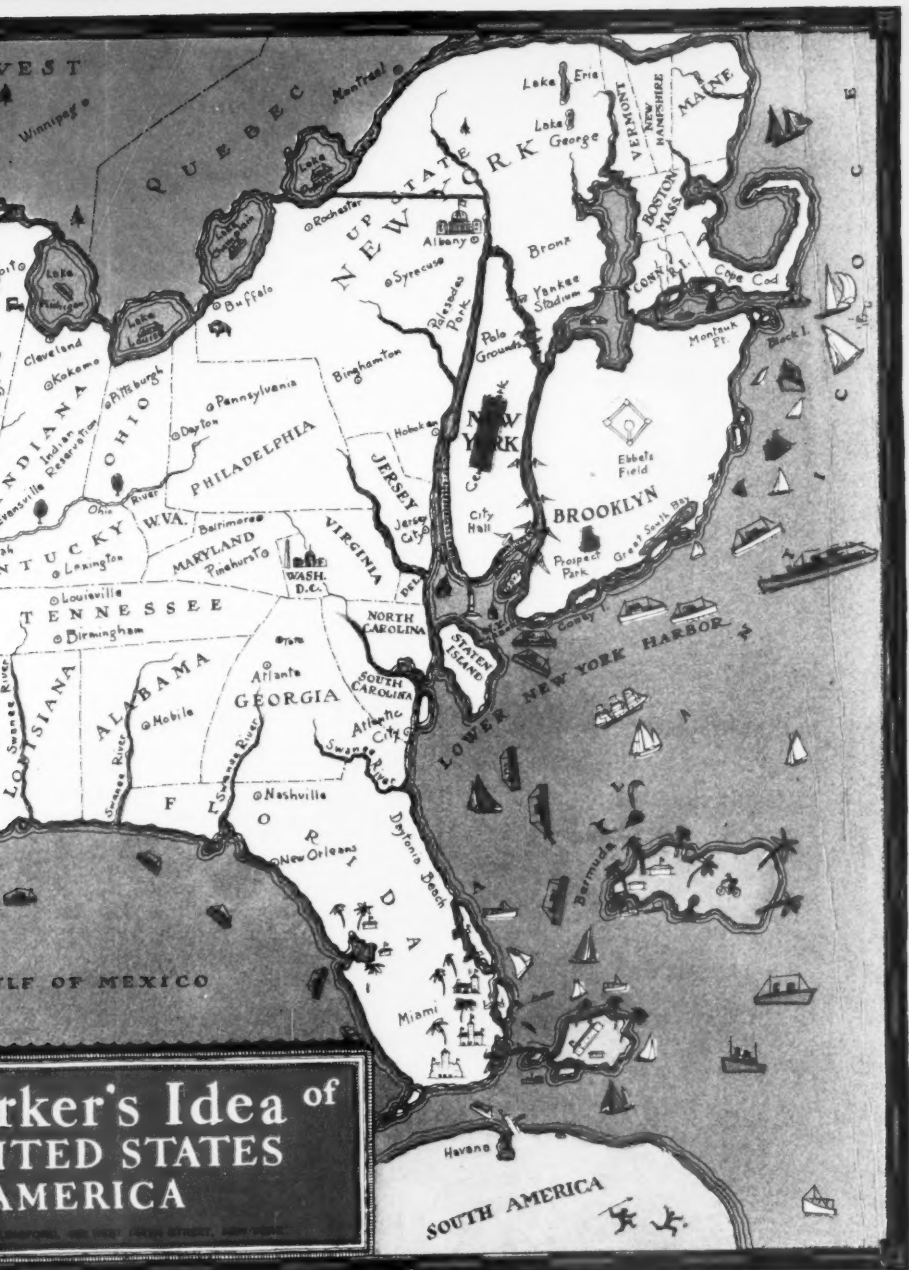
Asked whether they should be

qualified as average New Yorkers they all said they had only come to New York a comparatively short time ago. So I looked elsewhere. I looked among the real New Yorkers, whose grandfathers lived in New York. Who start every sentence with: "Before they put those horrible buses on Fifth Avenue."

You can't interview many of them. In the first place, their butlers won't let you. In the second place, they—not their butlers—are dying out fast. A few of their Fifth Avenue palaces still stand, but very few. According to a Fortune survey, there are only thirty-nine of those houses left, with only eighty people living in them. The reason: it's too expensive—even for millionaires. It costs, with taxes what they are, between \$30,000 and \$50,000 just to open one of those houses.

It was by a sheer miracle that I finally got hold of one. The particular gentleman had just arrived from Florida and was on his way to his Long Island estate. Or maybe it was the other way around. No, he didn't think much of the New Yorker at all. New Yorkers weren't what they used to be, he reflected. Not even the Met openings were what they used to be. Too bad, too bad, he murmured.







New York . . .

This is New York as a soaring gull—or enemy bomber—might see it, from far overhead. In the foreground of course, is the Battery—and a corner of Brooklyn. And there's the East River winding northward—and Central Park. You can even pick out familiar streets and buildings. Yes, this is New York—from the outside looking in. This is where to find your composite New Yorker. But now it is New York's turn—and on the back of this gatefold the positions in the cage are reversed. There, is another view of New York—a view from the inside looking out.



Well, his grandfather might have been an average New Yorker. He isn't. Walking down Fifth Avenue, you are hardly aware that this was once the street where the cream of New Yorkers lived. Fifth Avenue has become the world's finest shopping center. And if you go farther downtown it becomes a wholesale district, and then it merges into Greenwich Village, the artistic center.

And if you go uptown, you come to Harlem. And if you go West you come to Broadway, or eventually to the notorious Hell's Kitchen. Then, if you ride cross-town, eastward, you see Park Avenue and Sutton Place, the new Fifth Avenues. Or farther downtown, you won't get around unless you speak Italian, Chinese or Yiddish. Or still farther downtown to Wall Street (if you don't wear a Roosevelt button).

It seems that those Italians and Poles and Germans and—well, Americans who have come lately to New York, are just as much entitled to call themselves average New Yorkers as those whose great grandfathers lived in the then not-so-big city. In fact, statistics show that immigrants and their children make up more than seventy per cent of New York's population. There are more Irish

and Jews and Negroes in New York than in any other city in the world. And more Italians, except for the three biggest Italian cities. More than a million Italians, that is. And 950,000 Russians, 600,000 Germans, 400,000 Poles, 300,000 Austrians. And so on with every nationality.



THE AVERAGE New Yorker? He has 300,000 dogs and 500,000 cats. He lives in 300,000 one-family houses and in 6,000 elevator apartments. He works in 10,000 factories and his cars fill 12,000 garages. He swarms into 800 movie houses and theatres.

"The average New Yorker?" one elevator boy reflected. "Dis joint is lousy wid dem."

By this joint he meant sixty floors of steel and concrete.

And 7,000 job-holders.

This particular skyscraper is one of many, just as the 7,000 job-holders are a cross-section of the enormous army of gainfully employed New Yorkers. They spend their days in skyscrapers and factories. They emerge from the subway at the rate of two million a year.

They work. New York has 800,-

000 factory workers and 500,000 employed in trade; 500,000 clerical workers and approximately 450,000 domestics. Transportation and communication employ another 300,000, and there are 250,000 professionals.

They work. But what is this? Five hundred or six hundred people at least. Here they are standing—barely fifty yards from a big skyscraper, symbol of feverish rush and work.

That's the average New Yorker.

The average New Yorker. They say he's hardboiled. They say he doesn't care what happens to the next guy. Well, I talked to one, a taxi driver named Joe. Joe's a little hardboiled; nobody can deny that. Otherwise he wouldn't get along. His colleagues would squeeze him—that is, park so closely that he'd never get out to pick up a fare.

He said, yeah, New Yorkers was okay by him. But come to think of it, he hadn't ever thought about it. Not much, anyway. And then very slowly, an expression of disgust spread over his face. "I getcha," he murmured. "Those guys that go around blabbing about Broadway and Rockefeller Center. Just like as if they built it. As if they owned it. They're a pain in the neck. Those . . ."

Let's quote only what's fit to print. But even if we censor Joe, his answer still is revealing. He really feels that those hundred per cent New Yorkers who go around being New Yorkers and nothing else, as if they'd built it themselves—are just like the small-town people who never stop talking about how wonderful Podunk is; just small-town stuff. It sounds paradoxical, but maybe there's something in it.



AND THEN maybe there is something more to New York. And something more to those New Yorkers who go around almost drunk with the feeling, with the happiness of being in New York: looking up at the skyscrapers and counting the stories, feeling excited when they walk on Broadway and Fifth Avenue. Yes, I'm thinking of those young people who arrive on trains stopping at Grand Central or the Pennsylvania station every fifty seconds. Or maybe they arrive on buses, or hitchhike. They come to New York to make good, to become rich, to win fame. For them the very bigness and greatness of New York is something tremendously impor-

tant. Because it's a symbol of their own ambition. It gives their ambition a goal.

Never mind that only one of a thousand or a million is destined to arrive and that the others will fall by the wayside. Never mind that McGilligan, our cop, or the elevator boy in the big skyscraper, each hopes to save enough money so he won't have to live in New York all his life. Each hopes to save enough money to get out into the country, to some little town, and open a newsstand or a cigar store, or maybe have a little chicken farm . . .

You see, these are the real New Yorkers who know all about the big city. They take New York casually. They are smart, and yet they are suckers. They are real

hustlers, and they stand for hours watching an excavation. They are good, and they are bad. Some come into New York every fifty seconds, and some of them stay and some of them go.

There is something symbolic about those trains entering and leaving New York every minute of the day and night.

—*Suggestions for further reading:*

PORTRAIT OF NEW YORK
by Felix Riesenber
and Alexander Alland \$5.00
The Macmillan Company, New York

1001 AFTERNOONS IN NEW YORK
by Ben Hecht \$3.00
The Viking Press, Inc., New York

SODOM BY THE SEA
by Oliver Pilat and Jo Ranson \$3.00
Doubleday, Doran & Co., Inc., New York

METROPOLIS
by M. F. Parton \$2.00
Longmans, Green & Co., Inc., New York

Assembly of One

WHILE holding only one cabinet post, R. B. Bennett, former Prime Minister of Canada, dominated all the others—with a singleness of purpose which also extended to his recreation, the habit of walking by himself. During one of these rambles, head bent low and brow puckered, a friend accosted him, received no answer, and noticed that Bennett was

talking to himself.

Greatly concerned, he rushed off to a colleague of the Prime Minister's. "I say," he demanded, "is Bennett going balmy? I met him on the street a moment ago, and he was talking to himself."

"Quite all right," the other assured him. "The Prime Minister is merely holding a cabinet meeting."—L. R. ALWOOD

Death by laughing gas is the choice of the amazing Mr. Hughes, Hollywood's scholarly jack-of-all-trades: a Coronet auto-obituary



Happy Death of Rupert Hughes

by RUPERT HUGHES

THE STATE board of health yesterday took its first step toward carrying out the new obligations imposed upon it by the law of enforced euthanasia, finally passed by the last Congress after decades of argument.

The law's first victim, if "victim" is the word, was Rupert Hughes. He put up a fierce struggle against the laughing gas, and consumed enormous quantities of it before it had a lethal effect. He was so used to laughter that it merely increased the normal output, for which he's noted.

Though he was an ancient dolt at the time of his execution his mental activity was still no

weightier than that of a humming bird; he was still poisoning before every flower, weed or whatever awoke his curiosity just long enough to dip in his beak and be gone to the next thing.

Physically, he was lethargic and enormously fat, having taken for many years little more exercise than

was required to keep his tobacco lighted, lift up a coffee cup, take down a book or reach for a fresh fountain pen. He never put a book

An unassuming genius, 69-year-old Rupert Hughes has written on many a subject in many a vein, but until now, he has never attempted anything like this sparkling auto-obituary, penned for Coronet. His published works would fill a van, range from novels like The Patent Leather Kid and bedroom farces to a biography of Washington. He has directed movies, served as major in the army, composed music, authored many stage hits. He deprecates his successes in a note to the editors: "My first seven years were probably the most important . . . I have never since been as ambitious and as sure of what I thought I knew as I was then." His wife, Patterson Dial, writer of popular fiction, is of infinite help to him, says Mr. Hughes. They live in seclusion in Hollywood, frequently sitting up all night to write in their huge library which adjoins the swimming pool.

back, let the ashes fall where they listed and spilled a good deal of coffee about. But his mind never rested except — perhaps — in the snatches of sleep he took at irregular hours.

Though he was born in a small Missouri village he always maintained that he was as good as anybody that ever lived, but qualified this by the hardly-to-be-disputed admission that anybody else who ever lived was as good as he was. He was a fanatic advocate of free thought and free speech and granted the right to those who abused him—of which there were many — though he always fiercely disputed the justice of the criticisms.

He was positively boastful of his humility, fallibility and self-distrust; yet the boast was belied by his willingness to talk or write on any subject whatever, whenever he could find listeners or readers. During his last years, willing listeners were so rare that he talked to himself. Being deaf, he talked in so loud a voice that it was difficult for the neighbors and passersby to escape him.

Readers he somehow usually managed to find, or at least publishers; for his main endeavor was to adapt what he had to say to the mood of his audience and

his period, and he worked hardest to give his utterances smoothness, and suspense.

While he was always apologizing for the audacity of his invasions of fields where he did not belong, he tried to justify them by saying that, after all, his readers were only human beings like himself. He had no fear of human beings, believing that great so ever as they might be, they were bound to be fallible and ignorant like himself.

HE WAS NOT much humiliated when critics abused his work (as so many so ardently did) nor was he much puffed up by the praise he occasionally received. In fact abuse tended to make him conceited while praise filled him with gratitude rather than pride. What he feared and regretted was his failure to rise to the majesty of ever-present opportunities, his failure to understand or do justice to great deeds or occasions, and failure to reward the politeness of those who paid him attention.

Spoken of as a fiend of tireless and unrelenting toil, he felt himself to be a lazy procrastinator and waverer from one thing to another. There was hardly a field he did not rush into and tread upon to the dismay of those who

wisely devoted their lives to one subject.

He had some newspaper experience as a reporter and did editorial work on various magazines. He spent several years as chief assistant editor of a history of the world. He compiled single-handed a musical cyclopedia and wrote other reference books on musical subjects, also countless pamphlets and articles on scientific, religious, military and other themes. His biography of George Washington involved an immense amount of work, but was never finished.

His first published book was a long blank verse poem on a Greek subject, his next two were juveniles for *Saint Nicholas*. This erratic procedure marked all his work. Innumerable short stories and novels, most of them published serially, alternated with forays into the theatres, vaudeville, the motion picture world and radio.

He took up military life and study at twenty-two and rose from private to captain in the National Guard. During the World War he was promoted to major, but in spite of all his devotion to preparedness, he never heard a shot fired in aught save kindness—at an inanimate target.

Though he could neither sing nor play he wrote an immense amount of music, some of which was actually sung in public.

He dabbled in sculpture, gave lecture tours, and did an appalling amount of after dinner speaking.

It was inevitable that a person doing all these things should do none of them well, but this troubled Hughes little, for he denied the authority of anyone to pass final judgment on the merit of any endeavor.

It is manifest that the flittings of such a bird could never win the respect of posterity, but Hughes included posterity in his affectionate disrespects. Above all things he was amused rather than impressed by those self-deceived pomposities who pretend that they are working for posterity. As he once put it, "The oaf who writes for posterity is mailing an anonymous letter in an envelope with no address on it."

HE CLAIMED that this whole attitude toward life was influenced by the advice of a professor of philosophy who told his class that the most important thing to learn on earth was the two words "Question everything." But the advice was probably unnecessary

in his case since his whole nature was skeptical in every direction.

He liked everybody and loved many people, hating individuals only when they mass together for cruelty and oppression.

Though he had an immense number of acquaintances, his memory for names and faces was always poor and he was in such torment of embarrassment in public that, aside from occasional sallies to banquets where he spoke, he led a life of almost complete seclusion with his devoted and all-enduring wife.

He had the instincts of scholarship and a great ambition to apply strictly scientific methods to the search for truth, and yet his in-born lack of dignity and his dis-

respect for solemnity gave a tone of flippancy to nearly everything he touched. As one of his earliest critics put it, "no matter how learned he tried to be, he was always the gamin at heart."

While he had become a general nuisance and his departure will not be lamented, he may be forgiven much now that he is out of the way because of his desire to hurt nobody and his futile eagerness to help everybody. At least we can say that he lacked malice. As he forgave other people for the faults he found in them, he forgave himself with equal generosity for the faults other people found in him.

This would seem to leave us nothing to do but forget him.

The Tsar's Private Newspaper

FOR twenty-four years—from the time he ascended the throne in 1894 until he was executed—Tsar Nicholas II of Russia spent more than \$40,000 a day for his morning newspaper! Fantastic as this sounds, the editor of the Tsar's huge privately owned newspaper was allowed to print only one copy of the paper daily. And although scores of foreign and

literally hundreds of local correspondents supplied great quantities of material for this amazing single-edition journal, scarcely any truth or real news was ever published. Instead, its thousands of words served only to glorify the Tsar for whom it was printed. During his reign, this strange whim cost the Russians \$437,000,000!

—ROBERT M. HYATT

SOMETHING rightly or wrongly called a meteorite fell in August, 1910, on the farm of Daniel Lawyer, rural route 4, Westerville, Ohio. Lawyer saw it fall late at night. The fall was accompanied by a flash and a brilliant trail of light.

Early next morning Lawyer went to the spot where the meteorite had fallen and discovered an object half buried in the earth. It weighed three pounds two ounces and was 12 inches in length. Light gray in color, its surface was covered with what appeared to be sulphur and flint—*underneath it was composed of a strange substance which resembled pure white marble.*

But the composition of the meteorite was not the thing which set it apart from all the other miscellaneous stones which have fallen on this planet. This particular meteorite was *cylindrical* in shape. In fact it was so obviously cylindrical, being about three inches in diameter, that it appeared to have been cut by an intelligent being.

There was quite a bit of publicity in newspapers and magazines. But cylindrical meteorites aren't supposed to fall on the earth. So the limbo of the forgotten soon claimed the story.



OF COURSE, this case occurred in 1936, not in the legend shrouded long ago. Of course, it was thoroughly investigated by the governmental au-



Forgotten

In order to keep some sort of control over his environment, man has been forced to relegate certain tales to a queer limbo which may be simply labeled "Forgotten." They are the apparently true stories which, if

thorities of India. Of course, Dr. Gustaf Stromberg of the Mt. Wilson Observatory staff considered it authentic enough to quote it in his scholarly treatise entitled *The Soul of the Universe*. Still . . .

A Hindu girl from Delhi, named Shanti Devi, claimed that she was the reincarnation of another Hindu girl who had lived at Muttra, 500 miles from Delhi, and who had died a year before she was reborn as Shanti Devi. The girl made elaborate and detailed statements about her previous life at Muttra.

To check her strange statements, the investigating committee confronted her with the relatives of the dead girl, including her husband in her former life. They corroborated every statement. To the last specific intimate detail, the girl was familiar with the life which another girl had lived before she was born.

The government commission could offer no other explanation than reincarnation. The commission believed it had ruled out the possibility of fraud. They thought they had a world shaking case. Of course, they failed

Mysteries

fully accepted, would further bemuddle philosophy, disturb science and shake man's faith that he has solved all the mysteries of creation. Therefore, they appear only in the footnotes of history and in this column.

to realize that if you want your data to remain long in the light of day, you should not study reincarnation.



THROUGH the fields of Tipperary County, Ireland, during the burning summer of 1920, marched long lines of pilgrims. They were headed for the town of Templemore, where a miracle was said to be occurring.

There, on August 20, at six o'clock in the evening, all the holy statues in the home of Thomas Dwan, obscure news agent, began to bleed.

This phenomenon continued for weeks, and during those weeks countless affidavits by reliable persons continued to pile up, each attesting the truth of the miracle. The Dwan family were investigated, and the statues themselves were examined by an endless stream of trustworthy witnesses. How many pilgrims saw the phenomenon no one will ever know—some estimates place the number as high as a million. In early fall the phenomenon ceased.

When hundreds of thousands of

people travel to see blood-dripping statues, it would seem that the incident might linger in the memory of man. But when a story is out of step with reason, nothing can save it from the land of the forgotten.



THERE is little use now more than briefly to mention the great Amherst mystery. There was plenty of attested proof at the time, but the years have yellowed the affidavits.

In 1878 a strange force attached itself to the home of Mr. Daniel Teed in Amherst, Nova Scotia. The force seemed to center around the person of Mr. Teed's daughter, Esther. For two years the force continued in full strength. Then it disappeared.

During those weird years, it turned the Teed home into a madhouse. Lighted matches fell from the ceiling, the clothes of persons in the house suddenly caught fire, furniture was thrown about, metal objects placed in Esther's lap suddenly became too hot to handle, great explosions were constantly heard, knives and other objects were picked up and flung across the room, pencils became animated and wrote on the walls.

Andrew Lang, world renowned scholar, investigating the case, concluded that some mysterious force was actually at work. To the end, the validity of the occurrences remained unshaken. —R. DEWITT MILLER

No human has ever prospered more on a diet strictly of corn—nor been prouder of the fact—than the leader of the Royal Canadians



Lombardo, the Corn King

by FRANCIS SILL WICKWARE

ANY discussion of Guy Lombardo must take into account a curious little paradox, illustrated recently when musicians crowned him "King of Corn" in an annual popularity poll.

Now, in swing circles "corn" is a vile epithet, and to be known as "King of Corn" would cause most musicians to die of sheer embarrassment. But not Mr. Lombardo. Admitting frankly that his Royal Canadians is "not a musicians' band," he continued to smile out amiably over a packed dance floor and over an equally packed radio network.

The reason? For the tenth consecutive year, more than seven hundred newspaper and magazine radio editors had named the Royal Canadians "most popular band"—a record not even approached by any other institution in the

realm of popular music. Yes, Lombardo could afford to laugh at the title of "King of Corn."

Just what unique ingredient the Canadians mix into their formula is something that Guy Lombardo's rivals have been trying to discover for years. The predominate sound when the band plays is a gentle throbbing which emanates from the saxophone section, but imitators never seem to be able to achieve the same effect. Many attempts have been made to duplicate this pulsation. There have been stories to the effect that the Lombardo saxophones are tuned a little off-key; that the players cut peculiar notches in the reeds, or insert slips of paper under the reeds. One band leader insists that the secret is a quart of warm milk poured into the bell of each and every saxophone.

Lombardo himself claims to be unable to explain the secret, unless long rehearsals are the answer. But he does know what to avoid, in order to please his public. "I can't tell which songs are going to be hits, but I can always spot the flops," he says. In the flop column he lists all songs which are "too sophisticated—too Park Avenue," songs which are even faintly suggestive, songs which convey thoughts of revenge. "If I see a song with a title like *I'll Get Even with You*, I throw it out," he explains. On the other hand, he dotes on numbers like *You're Driving Me Crazy* (Lombardo's biggest hit), *Sweet and Lovely*, *Ten Pretty Girls*, or *When My Dream Boat Comes Home*.

A radio introduction by Guy Lombardo is probably the best passport to success that a song can have, and consequently dozens of song-pluggers and amateur song writers besiege him. Friends telephoning to him at night invariably are questioned by a cautious headwaiter who asks, "Is it about music?" But song-pluggers occasionally penetrate the interference. Some time ago Lombardo was mystified by the same message every evening—"Miss Johnson phoned." Lombardo knew no Miss Johnson, and was piqued. After a

week or so, Miss Johnson began phoning while Lombardo was on the stand, but invariably she would hang up before he could get to the telephone. Next strange men and women began calling at all hours of the day and night, always saying "Miss Johnson phoned" or—in the case of the men—"Miss Johnson will phone." It turned out that a music publisher was plugging a song, *Miss Johnson Phoned Again Today*.

LOMBARDO'S fateful decision to play nothing but sweet, simple music—"music for people who are dancing, people either already in love or potentially in love," as he defines it—was made with the assistance of a barber in Cleveland, back in 1924. At that time the Canadians had just begun to make a name for themselves in the middle west, and Lombardo thought his public would appreciate more sophisticated tunes. Immediately the band's fan mail dropped off. Lombardo couldn't understand it. Then one day his barber, an old Lombardo fan, hit the nail on the head. "Mr. Lombardo, your music has lost its sweetness," he said. Thereafter Lombardo concentrated strictly on straight sentiment.

"That barber taught me some-

thing else," he reflects. "He taught me to remember to play for average Americans, not for musicians who could appreciate your complicated new arrangements, or for the café society crowd that likes smart, cynical songs, but just plain people who want to hear nice, sweet tunes they can remember."

Guy Lombardo then was a little over twenty. He and his brothers were born in London, Ontario, of hard-working, unpretentious Italian parents (Father Lombardo was a clothes designer) and while still very young each received a thorough musical education, with Guy learning the violin, Carmen Lombardo starting with the flute and later taking up the saxophone, and Liebert, the youngest, studying the violin, trumpet and percussion instruments.

At eleven Guy began his formal career as a band leader when he induced a neighbor's boy, Fred Kreitzer, to play the piano with the brothers, which he still does.

For about a year the Lombardos kept their amateur standing, going pro at last when a dance

hall near London offered sixteen dollars for a one-night stand. Father Lombardo arrived in the middle of this performance and created a scene when he learned that the boys were expected to play ten hours, and afterwards Guy was careful to limit his engagements to a few hours per

night, fearing that if the band overdid things the respective parents would dissolve it. However, he established a sliding scale of prices—one price for straight music;

a lower rate if refreshments were served, and a rock-bottom price for parties where they could join in the dancing during solo numbers, in addition to eating their fill of ice cream and cake.

THE CANADIANS' first trip across the border was for a week's run in a Cleveland vaudeville house in 1923. This performance, extending over into a second week, led to an engagement at the Music Box, a night club in Cleveland.

They were a sensation at the Music Box, but they might have remained a small-time night club



band indefinitely if Guy hadn't decided to try radio. At first he wanted to broadcast so that the elder Lombardos and a couple of sisters and Victor, who was learning the saxophone, could listen in. Day after day the Canadians rode out to station WTAM on the outskirts of Cleveland, and played for half an hour without pay. Lombardo's band was one of the first to perform on a regular broadcast schedule, and the rest of the musicians in Cleveland thought they were crazy, doing all that work for nothing.

But the experiment paid off. When the Lombardos went to Chicago a little while later they were faced with almost complete public apathy. For two weeks the staff of waiters and the proprietor comprised the bulk of the audience at the Granada restaurant, and Lombardo foresaw a retreat to Canada. Finally he persuaded the proprietor to establish a radio outlet. The result was a broadcast over WBBM which promptly filled the place, albeit not with happy and contented people exclusively. A few weeks later, in the middle of a coast-to-coast hookup, a couple of strangers walked boldly in, produced a sub-machine gun, and in classic Chicago style mowed down two men sitting at a corner

table. In the uproar which followed, Guy Lombardo remembered that he had a live mike in front of him. "That outburst was our drummer," he told the audience. "He's working out a new rhythm. Not so loud, George!"

FROM THOSE DAYS ON, the Canadians moved onward and upward without interruption, acquiring an indestructible national reputation when they started playing in the Roosevelt in New York in 1930. Meanwhile, back in London, Ontario, a smart entrepreneur tried to capitalize on the Lombardo name by persuading young Victor Lombardo to form a rival orchestra billed as "Guy Lombardo, Jr. and His Canadian Royals." Guy ended this nonsense by inviting Victor to join the Canadians.

Carmen Lombardo by this time had had porcelain caps put on all his front teeth, having worn down the original equipment by zealous flute-playing and saxophone-blowing. He also had established himself as the band's leading vocalist, for reasons which no one quite understands. Carmen himself admits that his voice isn't any too good, and various radio sponsors have insisted on substituting other singers. Listeners invariably wrote in, though, to demand that

Carmen be restored. Carmen also is the band's leading composer, having turned out hits like *Cochette*, *Boo-Hoo*, *Sweethearts on Parade* and *Confucius Say*.

Of the Canadians' ten-year gross income of \$5,000,000, some \$2,000,000 was earned on the radio, and another \$1,000,000 at hotels. Theatrical appearances, recordings and other activities account for the balance. Biggest item of expense is salaries, amounting to around \$175,000 per year. Lombardo is reputed to pay the highest wages in the business, and his personnel turnover is close to zero.

He has discharged only one man in the last fifteen years, a second pianist who complained of having to spend ten cents daily for fresh red carnations.

Francis Sill Wickware, 30, has been associate editor of Fortune and The New Yorker, and his writings are purchased by such magazines as Harper's, Cosmopolitan, American, and Woman's Home Companion. He has traveled widely in Africa, Europe, South America, and lived in Mexico.

—Suggestions for further reading:

HOW TO WRITE AND SELL A SONG HIT
by Bruce and Silver \$2.50
Prentice-Hall, Inc., New York

FATHER OF THE BLUES: AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY
by W. C. Handy \$3.00
The Macmillan Company, New York

Tattle Till

THE National Cash Register Company owes its existence to the fact that a saloon-keeper in Dayton had a strong suspicion that the average bartender, under stress of constant temptation, might eventually yield to the lure of a still small voice saying: "Why turn *that* dollar in?"

This saloon proprietor rigged up and patented a crude device which rang a bell and added up figures every time any one deposited money in the drawer.

In due course, John H. Patterson of Dayton heard about

the device and bought the patent. He nearly went broke several times before the cash register was the successful article it is today.

One idea of Patterson's helped to turn the corner when his business was on the ragged edge. He contrived to sell more cash registers in dull times than in prosperous times. He instructed his salesmen to say: "You don't *dare* be without a cash register right now. In times like these your employes are far more likely to try to steal from you."

—FREDERICK CHARTERS

There are certain true animal stories which, if they prove anything, prove that the accepted patterns of animal behavior are too limited. In these stories certain creatures not of our species transcend the limits nature or man's ignorance have imposed upon them.

Not of Our Species

IN THE reign of Louis XV, stalked the figure of one animal who was out of place in time. He belonged back in the shadowy beginnings of mankind when men still struggled to master the other species.

Known as *The Beast of Gevaudan*, legend has heavily overgrown his story, but a few valid facts remain. He was a gigantic wolf, the largest of his kind on human record. He stood a full three feet high at the shoulder—and he was a killer of men. For two frightful years he terrorized the valley of the Rhone. During those years he killed more than 200 men and women. Towards the end of his reign, he killed a man or a woman a day. Among his victims were many

of the most famous hunters of France.

In the end, the genius of man triumphed, but it took a gigantic posse estimated at more than 15,000 men and a painstaking search of almost two months.

It may be that the genius of man triumphed—or it may be that the genius of another species was overwhelmed only by sheer numbers.



A STARTLING commentary on the age-old controversy as to a dog's sixth sense was given by Francis Yeats-Brown in his *Lives of a Bengal Lancer*.

One afternoon Yeats-Brown, ac-

accompanied by a friend, visited Jehangir's tomb at Lahore, India. They had with them a bull terrier which they tried to tie outside the temple. However when the dog yelped, they requested permission to take the dog inside. The *Imam* in charge shrugged his shoulders and said that he had no objections. However, he warned them to be careful—for the dog's sake.

With the bull terrier yelping before them, they ascended to the roof of the tomb. They were followed by another party, also with a dog.

As soon as they reached the roof, both dogs pricked up their ears, hesitated a moment, then dashed straight for the high parapet surrounding the roof. They cleared this with a bound, falling a hundred feet to instant death. Pondering the case, Yeats-Brown mused: "Both animals committed suicide. I can vouch for the facts, but I have no explanation to offer, unless the dogs saw something that we did not."



WHILE Ralph Moore of Powell River, British Columbia, watched from the window of an adjoining building, a flock of crows performed this ritual on the roof of a paper mill:

The crows formed a circle, with one open end. In the opening three crows stood by themselves. As soon as the entire flock had taken up its

position, the three crows began cawing excitedly, continuing their harangue for several minutes. Suddenly, they were interrupted by a great burst of noise from the flock.

Slowly six crows detached themselves from the crowd. They divided into pairs, each pair holding one of the three nonconformists firmly by the wings. Immediately the crowd surged forward and swiftly pecked the three dissenters to death. Leaving the bodies on the roof, the flock departed.

"Only by a jury of your peers . . ."



POLICE OFFICER Walt Dyson of Balboa, California, suspected intoxication when he was told on February 21, 1941, to go to 5306 Seashore Drive where "a seal was chewing up the furniture." But when he arrived, he wasn't sure who was intoxicated!

For there on the front porch a seal, flippers folded over its stomach, sat in a rocking chair, rocking contentedly. In the ensuing pursuit, Officer Dyson was eluded time and again. Time and time again, instead of returning to the sea which was only a few yards away, the seal climbed back into the rocking chair.

In desperation, Dyson finally lassoed the seal, pulled it to the edge of the surf and threw it in. It did not want to go. It wanted to rock.

Was this instinctive behavior?

Colonel Picture Story:

Based on the documentary film of that name, this picture story tells of the coming of modern medicine to the villages of Mexico

The Forgotten Village

by JOHN STEINBECK, author of *"The Grapes of Wrath"*

AMONG the tall mountains of Mexico the ancient life goes on, sometimes little changing in a thousand years. But now from the cities of the valley, new thinking and new techniques reach out to the remote villages. As the old and the new meet, a

change takes place in the villages.

In the pages that follow is told a story of one such little pueblo, called Santiago. This is the story of the boy Juan Diego and of his people, who live in the long moment when the past slips reluctantly into the future.



One morning, before the work in the fields had begun, Juan Diego took his mother, who was heavy toward birth, to visit the Wise Woman of Santiago. "Come in, come seat yourself," said the Wise Woman. "I'll give you the future in black and white corn."



The Wise Woman sat before the mother. "Pick out the corn: black for your boy children, white for the girls." Then she traced the future in the corn of prophecy. "Boy child," she promised, "born living and strong. You are indeed the mother of luck."



When the mother and Juan Diego returned to the village with their great news, none was so glad as the father. "It is good to have sons who can work in the corn. With corn we buy clothing, salt and chilies. I already have three sons; now I will have four."



At sundown the mother called the family to the evening meal; they were excited by the day that had passed and for the day that was to come. The next day was Market Day at a near-by town. The corn would be sold and a little money coming in.



Very early in the morning, they started off for the market. Little streams of people from the villages swelled to a river on the main roads. And the roads led the people to the market town. Market Day is a good day for everyone.



Chiles and beans and corn. While people bargained with the mother for the corn, the others walked among the wonders of the market. Hats and ropes and handkerchiefs, all for sale, all bargained for. But little Paco was sick and did not love the market.



And they tried to cheer him up. They tempted him to health with a new hat. But Paco was sick, very sick. Later, in the night, he was cold, and Juan Diego warmed him and watched over him.



In the morning, the Wise Woman came to cure him. "It is the airs," she said, "the bitter airs. They have gone to live in his stomach. I will prepare an ancient cure. My grandfather had it from his grandfather and he from his."



"Here the herb, and here the egg. The evil airs love the egg. I will draw them, trap them with it." "Be patient, Paco," the mother said, "you will soon be well." "Come to the egg. Come, little pains, into the egg," said the Wise Woman.



Juan Diego heard in the village how children were sickening with the same pain. His friend the teacher, who had been to the outside world, said, "I think the germs are in the pueblo well." And he gathered up his medicines to go there with Juan Diego.



But the mother said, "You are kind, but we do not like these new things." And the Wise Woman cried angrily, "What is this nonsense—these young men who tell their elders? This for your nonsense!" And she threw his medicines to the ground.



*But Paco died and became a little saint
without sin or sorrow,
gone straight to heaven
in his new hat.*



*The little sister cooked the food that night and the family waited.
For the mother was shocked by the loss of one child to early labor
on another. In the kitchen, Juan Diego read to them from a book
how the Indian boy Juárez had become president of all Mexico.*



*And the Wise Woman worked her magic, chanting the old words:
"Now he is forming, now he is ready.
Now he has hands, now he has eyes.
Now he is forming."*



When the birth was near, the father held the mother between his knees and braced her against her pain, and took some of the pain to himself. "Be of good courage, I am with you," he whispered. The Wise Woman cried in triumph, "He is formed, he is born!"



In the morning the family welcomed the new baby. He was a boy child and beautiful. And he had hurried to be born on the feast day of his own village of Santiago. His name would be Santiago; he must be fortunate with such an omen. And he was beautiful.



But many children were sick and the fiesta did not cure them. At the school Juan Diego and the teacher prepared, with a borrowed kerosene-lamp projector and scratched film, to show the people what caused the sickness and how it could be cured.



Then the teacher gathered the people in the school. "We must clean up the water and cure the children," he told them. "The serum from an infected horse can cure them." But the chief shouted, "Horses' blood! Are we animals? What is this nonsense?"



Meanwhile Maria, the youngest sister, had taken the illness. "What is to be done we must do ourselves," said the teacher. And Juan Diego said, "I will go to the doctors. I myself." Then Juan Diego, who had never been far from the village, set forth.



When he reached the city he was terrified. He saw fantastic buildings. Finally he found his way to the hospital. "We need your help," he told the doctors. "We think it is the water. The children of Santiago are sick. You must come to Santiago."



They set out for the village in a rural service car. They took equipment for water-test, serums. They came to the village to save the children. But the Wise Woman saw them and feared for her business. "The horse-blood men are here," she said.



And the people hid their children from the doctors. The warnings of the Wise Woman had gone through the village. The strangers—the horse-blood men—are here. The people hid the children. "There are no sick children here." And only a few received them.



The father was courteous, but he said, "We do not want horses' blood here." "But she will die without the injection," the doctor warned. "Then she will die by God's will, not by horses' blood. You may not enter my house nor poison my children."



Then the doctors went to the well to disinfect it. "We'll kill the germs first," the doctors said. But the Wise Woman said them pour the powder into the well. When they left she tasted the water and spat it out, crying, "They have poisoned the well!"



She collected the people under the churchyard tree. "The strangers have poisoned the water," she said. Then the people grew angry because they believed the well was poisoned. They moved angrily down to the medical tent.



"We must drive them out before they kill us all. Drive them out — the poisoners! Drive them out!" Then the people drove the doctors out of the village with curses.



In the night, Juan Diego stole his little sister from the house. The doctor gave the little girl the saving injection. But when Juan Diego crept back to the house, his father waited for him. "You are against us," he said. "Go to your friends!"



And Juan Diego, sobbing, ran as fast as he could through the short cut over the mountains to meet the medical car returning to the city. He would come back to his own people later, he thought, when he knew enough.



He sat wide-eyed in the car and listened to the doctor. "Your sister will get well," the doctor said. "And when the people see she is well, they will accept the medicine. Do not blame them. It is the young people who will change them," the doctor said.



"They come from the villages to learn, boys like you, Juan Diego. They learn for their people. From the government schools, they carry knowledge back to their own homes. The change will come as surely as there are thousands of Juan Diegos in Mexico."



And the boy said, "I am Juan Diego."

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With more roots than the stately oak, the Anderson family tree is as distinguished—except, of course, for one "Bloody Bill"

Is Your Name Anderson?

by ALVIN F. HARLOW

THERE ARE two great sources of the name Anderson—Scottish and Scandinavian. The Scottish name is a condensation of Andrew's-son, the Scandinavian of something similar, the son of Anders. Both are derived from the Greek word Andreas, which means strong, manly or courageous.

In America today there are many Andersons high in achievement—some of them still spelling the name Andersen—who were born in Sweden, Norway or Denmark. And what oldster among us didn't read in his youth the fairy stories of that kindly old Dane, Hans Christian Andersen?

St. Andrew being the patron saint of Scotland, the Andersons are the ninth most common name

in that country. There were Andersons in England, too, but most of them probably drifted down from Scotland. Sir Edmund An-

derson, the Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas Court in England in the latter 17th Century, was a son of an ancient Scottish family that settled in Lincolnshire—a harsh old bear of a judge who had the disagreeable distinction of presiding at the trial of Mary, Queen of Scots.

Numerous Andersons, like other braw Scotsmen, moved over to Protestant North Ireland in the 16th and 17th centuries, and they or their descendants often came from there to the United States. Hugh J. Anderson, the fourteenth Governor of Maine, for example,



Anderson

INTERNATIONAL
HERALDIC INSTITUTE

was the son of John Anderson, who emigrated from County Down to New England in 1789.

Somehow, an Anderson scion got into Wales, too, for one James Anderson emigrated from there to North Carolina before the Revolution. His great-grandson founded that noted newspaper, the *Atlanta Constitution*.

There is even an Anderson family name which is of German origin, strange as it may seem.

Joachim von Albade, son of a small German prince named Andreas or Andries, wandered from home in the 17th century, seeking his fortune. He went to London, then to Scotland, where he married a "Scottish lady of rank." Next, they drifted over to New York while it was still a Dutch colony, and in registering at the City Hall, Joachim identified himself according to old custom by writing his name Joachim Andriezon von Albade; that is, Joachim, the son of Andries. In the next generation or so, some of his posterity decided to shorten and de-Germanize the name, so they dropped the von Albade, and the Andriezon became Anderson.

Descendants of this immigrant spread to New Jersey, Pennsylvania and North Carolina, some even to the wilderness of Ten-

nessee. Joseph Anderson (1757-1837) of this stock, married a young lady of fifteen (nothing uncommon in those days) with the startling name of Only Patience Outlaw, and after fighting through the Revolution, became an attorney. Later he was one of the first senators from the new State of Tennessee and Comptroller of the Treasury for twenty-one years.

It is curious how many of the Andersons, coming from a northern climate, chose our southern states for their new homes. Captain George Anderson came from Berwick-on-Tweed in 1761 and settled near Savannah. John, crossing the sea from Aberdeen in 1770 or thereabouts, located first in Virginia and then shifted to Pennsylvania. William, migrating from Antrim in Ulster about 1740, reversed John's process, stopping first in Pennsylvania and then going to Spartanburg, South Carolina. Still other Andersons went to North Carolina, and a large family developed in Maryland.

PERHAPS our most notable family of Andersons was that sprung from two Richards, the father aged fifty and the son aged seventeen, who landed at Jamestown, Virginia in 1635. They came from England, though they were of

Scotch origin with a dash of Welsh blood. Richard the second's great-grandson—Robert of Goldmine, they called him, because he lived on Goldmine Creek in Virginia—was noted for having the loudest voice in the colony. He could talk to a neighbor or a servant a mile away, and never complained of the lack of a telephone.

This Robert had a son named Richard Clough Anderson (1750-1826) who, returning a colonel from the Continental army—traipsed off to Kentucky and married Elizabeth Clark, sister of General George Rogers Clark and William Clark, the explorer. There he prospered and grew in wealth as the city of Louisville grew in population. He built a two-masted sailing vessel and shipped via the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers and the Gulf of Mexico, the first cargo of produce to go directly from Kentucky to Europe. The old man wore knee breeches to his dying day—though they had long since gone out of style—and often played the fiddle at dances which he and his wife gave at their handsome mansion, "Soldier's Retreat," just outside of Louisville. He had some notable sons. One, Richard Clough, Jr., served in Congress, was minister to Colombia, negotiated the first treaty ever made

by the United States with a South American country, and was the first American delegate to the Panama Congress in 1826. Death cut short his brilliant career at thirty-eight, and Kentucky named a new county in his honor.

The second son, Larz Anderson, married a daughter of Nicholas Longworth, head of a great Cincinnati family and himself became one of Cincinnati's notable men, as a wealthy attorney and philanthropist. His son Nicholas fought in the Civil War, and his grandson, Larz the Second, was minister to Belgium and Ambassador to Japan. The third son of Richard Clough, Robert, was in command at Fort Sumter in Charleston Harbor in April, 1861, when it was bombarded and finally captured by the newly rebellious South Carolinians.

THE ANDERSONS seem to have been a fighting stock. The army rosters of all our wars are studded thickly with their names. Martin Brewer Anderson, the first President of the University of Rochester, was the son of another Martin who fought in the War of 1812, and the grandson of Jacob, who fought in the Revolution.

They were particularly distinguished on the Southern side in

the Civil War, many serving as Generals. General Richard H. Anderson was one of General Lee's great corps commanders through the Virginia campaigns. In the Battle of Antietam, there were three Generals Anderson on the Confederate side.

The first American wood engraver was an Anderson, Alexander of New York, who lived almost a century—from 1775 to 1870. Our Scandinavian Andersons in America are mostly notable for their work in the sciences. Among those of Celtic or Anglo-

Saxon blood who fleck the pages of *Who's Who*, men of law and medicine, educators, clergymen, journalists and bankers are most noticeable—though they are still in the Army and Navy, too. In authorship, there are at least three famous names today, Maxwell Frederick Irving, and the late Sherwood Anderson.

A highly useful family, the Andersons and—with the single regrettable exception of one Bloody Bill Anderson, Missouri guerrilla of Civil War days—a reasonably law-abiding one.

On Doing Things Backward

NEARLY everyone—because of right-handed habits—puts on the left glove first, pulling it on with the right hand. This from a scientific viewpoint is doing the thing backward. Your left hand is the awkward hand, anyhow; it is made still more so with a glove on it. Yet this is the hand with which you must button your other glove.

It has been proved by actual demonstration that if a man's clothes are laid out in the order in which they are to be put on, he can dress himself in half the time it will take if he has to stop and take time out to hunt

each article as it is needed.

There is even a right and wrong order of events in washing your face, shaving and brushing your teeth. If you shave and brush your teeth before you wash your face, you get all the lather and dental preparation removed at a single operation. You have to wash only once. But if you brush your teeth *before* you shave, then the dentifrice about your lips will dull your razor.

No matter what trifling thing you're doing, there may be a right and a wrong way.

—FRED C. KELLY

No experience is so common to all men as dreaming. Since the first man closed his eyes in sleep, tales from our other life have been accumulating, tales brought back across the mystical threshold called awakening—tales such as the following.

Your Other Life

WEARY WITH the wars of his time, an American governmental official passed into sleep on a night in April, 1865. Through his dreams stalked a strange scene. The next day he recounted it as follows:

"I went from room to room of the White House and no living person was in sight, but the sound of sobbing met me as I passed along. There before me was . . . a corpse wrapped in funeral vestments. Around it were stationed soldiers, acting as guards.

"'Who is dead in the White House?' I asked one of the soldiers.

"'The President,' he answered. 'He was killed by an assassin.'"

After he had told the story of his dream, the governmental official laughed. Then he went about his usual business of explaining to his

country that the war was over.

On April 15th, that job was given into other hands—and the last guard of honor stood quietly in a room of the White House. For the man who dreamed was Abraham Lincoln.



ON THE night of October 13th, 1907, three women were thinking of the same thing when they dozed off. Sleep found one woman at her farm in Wasco County, Oregon, one in her home in Portland, and one on an Oregon short line train bound for Annapolis.

The matter which obsessed the minds of all three was the tragic suicide two days before at An-

napolis of Lieutenant James M. Sutton. Lieutenant Sutton had been the son of one woman, the nephew of another and the brother of the third.

On that night of October 13th, Sutton appeared in the dreams of each of the three women. In each case he repeated exactly the same sentences: "The son-of-a-gun sneaked up behind me and struck me on the back of the head. The first I knew that I had been shot was when I woke up in eternity."

As a result of those strangely co-incidental dreams there began a long fight to clear Sutton of the stigma of suicide. Finally, two years later before the official court of inquiry, coroner Dr. Edward M. Shaffer testified that it would have been impossible for Sutton himself to have inflicted the wound which caused his death. The court decreed that Sutton had not died by suicide. It was admitted that the original clue by which the matter was cleared up was given by the three identical dreams.



WHEN THE long line of workers punched the time clock of the Cross Mountain coal mine, December 9th, 1911, Hugh Larue's card was not slipped into the slot. This was the first time in many months that Larue had missed a day's work. The cause of his absence was a dream.

The night before, his wife had dreamed that she had seen scores of miners with their heads blown off being carried out of the mine entrance, while she and her children stood watching. She refused point blank to permit Larue to go to work.

Two hours after the mine opened, an explosion trapped the crew with which Larue worked. In all, 207 workers were killed!



THE FATHER of writer Max Long had a "gift" for dreaming of coming events. Long tells of a case in which his father dreamed that he saw an old man, dead and frozen stiff, lying in a strange room. Upon awakening, he went at once to the Wyoming village near his home and described the old man seen in the dream.

The old man was recognized as a pioneer named Regan who was thought to be living in good health at his ranch ten miles away. However, the dream so impressed Regan's son that he insisted a party be sent through the snow to his father's ranch.

When their knock was not answered, the party—a sense of impending tragedy already upon them—forced the door. In the room lay the old man's body—frozen hard.

Readers are invited to contribute to "Your Other Life." A payment of \$5 will be made for each item accepted. Address the Coronet Workshop, Coronet Magazine, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

Found: a vacation spot for Kitty Foyle and her male prototype, complete with Waldorf-Astoria trimmings, for a mere three dollars per day



White Collar Heaven

by MURRAY TEIGH BLOOM

THERE ARE some seven hundred philanthropic foundations in the United States with total assets of four billion dollars.

Yet, what with one pressing cause and another, there has never been much dedicated to that great American prototype—the white collar worker. That is, there wasn't much until a kindly, mustachioed agnostic named Jacob Langeloth passed away after having accumulated a tidy little nest-egg of \$6,000,000. The larger part of it he dedicated to the creation of America's most magnificent white-collar Shangri-la. That was 1914.

Today a middle class vacation paradise sprawls over a thousand beautifully landscaped acres—sixty miles from New York geographically; a million miles away economically.

Through its imposing wrought

iron gates have come 60,000 men and women since the fabulous estate was completed in 1924. They have come and still come for various reasons such as "complete rest" and "convalescence" but most of them simply want a complete fifty dollar a week vacation at ten dollars. And the Valeria Home is the only place in the world where they can get this resort bargain.

As you might suspect, a bargain of this sort hardly requires formal advertising. The very name of the place is sufficient indication that no astute public relations counsel is busily at work for this account. The "Home" part is an unhappy titular appendage. Only at Valeria does "Home" equate high priced chefs, elaborate swimming pools, a breathtakingly beautiful lake, painstakingly perfect tennis

courts, smooth soft lawns, superb rustic trails, grand fieldstone mansions, cozy fireplaces, vast, carefully kept gardens, Waldorf-Astoria service and incredible cleanliness.

In 1914, the death of white-haired, cherubic-faced Jacob Langeloth balanced his lopsided equation. His will was a curious affair, and the newspapers made the most of it. He left nothing to churches and directed that no clergyman be allowed to officiate at his funeral. An agnostic to the last.

The will provided for the formation of a Valeria Home corporation and for the appointment of a Board of Trustees to see that these provisions were carried out:

"The Home shall be open to all creeds, entirely non-sectarian . . . I have observed that homes of this character have been organized for the benefit of the very poor, but no provisions seem to have been made for people of education and refinement belonging to the great middle class . . ."

It's NOT difficult to get into the Valeria Home. You should be between seventeen and sixty-five and free of "communicable diseases, pulmonary tuberculosis, pregnancy, cardiac or renal conditions,

pronounced nervous or mental disorders or any condition objectionable to others." And you should be self-supporting. The doors of Valeria will open with greater ease if you earn less than \$3,000 a year.

No one can get into Valeria sight unseen. Having made reasonably certain that you aren't pregnant or afflicted with measles and that your habit of borrowing paper clips from the next desk is not incipient kleptomania you can present yourself at the New York office of the Valeria Home.

There you will be asked where you heard about Valeria. You will be told that the length of your stay will be limited to two weeks, except in special cases; that reservations will not be accepted more than four months prior to the month desired. There's good reason for this. The reservation list at Valeria is of the kind that ordinary hotelkeepers expect to encounter only when they go to their just reward.

Let us assume that the House Committee accepts you. In a few days you will hear that a reservation has been entered for you for the period you requested.

You will probably come so as to arrive on a Saturday morning. After entering the gate there is

a long drive through the carefully kept grounds. Finally, through a break in the elms you sight the trim picturesque Dutch-Tudor houses, grouped roughly on a crescent above the rim of the lake.

Cool, dark, wooded hills form a motionless backdrop. Your first fifteen minutes at Valeria are quite unreal, even at unshadowed noon.

If your daily stay is at the \$1.50 rate you won't have your own bath although there will be a washstand in your room. Single rooms with bath are \$3 a day. A double room with private bath is \$5 for two persons. These rates, of course, include meals. There are separate wings for men and women, and another wing of "bridal suites" for married couples. It will be a good sized room, regardless what you're paying. The bed will be wide, clean and comfortably matted. Even the closet is spacious and conveniently lighted.

After you are in the room a few seconds you will notice the

faint antiseptic haze surrounding you. You see, your predecessor was required to vacate his room two hours before his departure so that the room could be fumigated.

Before long you will discover that cleanliness is almost a fetish at Valeria. Every morning your chambermaid will dutifully whisk-broom your mattress. The traditional legend at Valeria is that even the trees are dusted every morning.

As your stay at Valeria lengthens you may discover vaguely irritating indications of institutional life. The typewritten notices, for example. They are all over the place and cover every conceivable and some inconceivable situations. The most frequent is this: "Guests are requested to inform their friends or relatives who may be boarding in the vicinity that entry to Valeria Home grounds is strictly forbidden." Any minor infraction of the rules brings a polite pink slip to your letter box.



Meal hours are rather strict. You breakfast at eight o'clock or you breakfast not at all. The food is excellent, but there is no selection. Regardless of how hot a day it is men must wear jackets to all meals. Shorts? Only on the tennis courts.

At Valeria it's particularly unwise to be found in the room of a member of the opposite sex. You're likely to be sent home.

MOST OF the 194 guests are between the ages of nineteen and thirty. The girls are office workers, department store salesladies and occasional school teachers.

The men? Young professionals, civil service workers, clerks and an occasional musician or newspaperman.

In the evening there is dancing

for an hour in the comfortable Clubhouse. Occasionally there are amateur theatricals put on by the guests who don't care for ping-pong or the well-stocked library. But comes ten P.M. and the place shuts tight. Eleven on Saturdays.

There are facilities on the ground for almost every sport except riding and golf and these are available nearby. The winter sports at Valeria are unequaled and make it a real, all-year-round resort.

That, roughly, is what old Jacob Langeloth's gift to the bearers of the White Collar adds up to. If you don't mind an aura of benevolence, a vague institutional air and little pink slips, this is the greatest vacation bargain since the Congressional junket to Florida.

And Valeria doesn't cost the taxpayers a cent.

The Compensations of Snoring

A FRIEND of mine finds that his snoring costs him considerably more than the upkeep of his automobile.

Snoring disturbs his wife. At first he had hoped that she would grow accustomed to such raucous noises, but she didn't. Twin beds availed nothing. They had to have separate rooms. This

meant taking a larger apartment with more rent than they had counted on. When traveling, they must have separate rooms.

"It's certainly a costly habit," lamented my friend, "but it does give me more privacy than most married men enjoy."

—DONALD GRANT



Can you populate this zoo by naming the species of the fifty animals, real or fictional, listed below?

Who's Zoo?

MOST zoological gardens are inhabited by anonymous nonentities of the animal world. This one is going to be different. Every one of its fifty denizens has his own identity, his own personality and his own name. These names are listed below. It is your task to designate the species of each animal. Thus, if you think Black Beauty is the name of a famous crow,

the answer to the first question will, of course, be "Crow."

Some of the animals are real, some are fictional. In a number of instances, the same species is represented in the zoo by more than one well-known animal. An average score would be 64; 72 or more is good; 80 or more is excellent. Answers will be found listed at the bottom of page 70.

- | | | |
|-----------------------|---------------|---------------------|
| 1. BLACK BEAUTY | 10. SALOMY | 19. LEO |
| 2. MOBY DICK | 11. FERDINAND | 20. WINNIE-THE-POOH |
| 3. RIKKI-TIKKI-TAVI | 12. MEHITABEL | 21. PEGASUS |
| 4. BAMBI | 13. FLUSH | 22. LEVIATHAN |
| 5. M 'TOTO | 14. JUMBO | 23. BAGHEERA |
| 6. BOB, SON OF BATTLE | 15. DONALD | 24. CARMICHAEL |
| 7. ELSIE | 16. SU-LIN | 25. MINNIE |
| 8. CLEO | 17. WHIRLAWAY | 26. CAPRICORN |
| 9. REYNARD | 18. JIMINY | 27. ASTA |

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|----------------|--------------------|----------------|
| 28. BUCEPHALUS | 36. SPARKPLUG | 43. TOTO |
| 29. ARCHIE | 37. FELIX | 44. BATTLE |
| 30. GARGANTUA | 38. J. WORTHINGTON | 45. DONNER |
| 31. JENNY | FOULFELLOW | 46. TAURUS |
| 32. FLOPSY | 39. BLITZEN | 47. CHESSIE |
| 33. PLUTO | 40. CHANTICLEER | 48. IDA |
| 34. FAFNER | 41. SILVER | 49. ROSINANTE |
| 35. ARIES | 42. PETER | 50. URSA MAJOR |

A Hindu Tale

THERE lived on a certain tree on the southern slopes of the Himalayas a he-crow with his mate. In the hollow of the same tree dwelt a poisonous black cobra, who time and again devoured the eggs of the she-bird.

At last one day the she-bird said: "O husband! Let us abandon this tree! As long as we live near the black snake, no offspring of ours shall survive."

To this the he-crow answered: "Wife, never fear! For a long time I have patiently endured the villainy of the black snake, but I shall now no longer put up with it!"

"Alas, husband," said the she-crow, "we are powerless against him!"

"Enough of this talk," he answered. "Have you not heard that he who is clever is strong; he who is stupid is weak? Now I have a stratagem," the he-

crow answered. "The son of the rajah is in the habit of coming to bathe in yonder lake. Before plunging in the water, he deposits the golden chain he wears around his neck, on a flat rock. It will be your task to steal this chain the next time the prince comes to bathe, and then drop it in the hollow of our tree. Then, when the rajah's men make a search for the lost ornament, the evil one is sure to be seen and to be killed."

Thus it was done: the golden chain was stolen, hidden, and recovered, and the skull of the black cobra by the rajah's men was crushed.

Therefore it is said:

Whatever is impossible to perform by strength, one may do by stratagem,

Just as the black snake was killed by the she-crow by means of a simple golden chain.

—L. C. TIHANY

Four Denver reporters, igniting the fuse of the Boxer Rebellion, helped China cut a weird and bloody swath of disaster



Rebellion by Mistake

by VICTOR HUGO BOESEN

ON A RAW Saturday night in late 1899, four reporters in Denver met at the railroad station after individually combing the hotels for news. There had been nothing to report.

That meeting and the dearth of news was destined to set off a thunderclap of history that rocketed around the world. It signed the death warrant for thousands of people in a distant land, and affected the foreign policies of a dozen nations.

The quartet of newsmen, Hal Wilshire, Jack Tourney, John Lewis and Al Stevens, were loath to return and face their respective city editors without something for the Sunday editions. Gloomily they shuffled through the windy streets to the Oxford Hotel bar for a drink. It was ten o'clock; by eleven, after several beers, they

had agreed to fake a story: A party of engineers from Wall Street was in town on its way to China to inspect the Great Wall with a view to possible demolition. Their firm had already been in touch with the Chinese government, which was favorably considering this measure as a gesture to symbolize the welcoming of world trade.

Having carefully worked out all details of the story to avoid discrepancies in their separate accounts, the newsmen went to the Windsor Hotel and registered the imaginary visitors, pledging the night clerk to secrecy. The journalists then deployed to their offices to write the story.

Sunday morning each paper clarioned the tale on its front page: GREAT CHINESE WALL DOOMED: PEKING TO SEEK WORLD TRADE.

The story was caught up by the wire services and printed throughout the United States. The cables carried it across the oceans. It was published in virtually every newspaper in the world. One eastern paper included pictures of the wall, the Chinese emperor, and a statement by a visiting Chinese mandarin confirming it.

When the tale reached China, the country erupted in a ferment of fury. The Boxers, a secret society organized to discourage the encroachments of the foreigner, regarded destruction of the revered Great Wall as the last straw in the usurpation of their homeland. They recruited new members and rallied the population around them for a blow to the finish.

THUS, because of an act of resourcefulness by four newspapermen thousands of miles away, the Boxer Rebellion was on.

Early in May, 1900, fired with murderous zeal, the Boxers began spreading into Chihli, Shansi and Siberia. Peking, site of all foreign legations, was to be the eventual point of convergence. As the Boxers moved forward they looted and burned all foreign property in their path. They massacred scores of missionaries and thousands of Chinese Christians. They tore up

the railroads, sending train crews fleeing on foot. Christians in the outlying districts were left helplessly isolated.

Meanwhile, the 3,000 persons who had huddled into the Peking foreign quarter evolved a plan of mutual resistance, making careful use of a force of 400 men sent from the international fleet lying off Taku. They would try to defend each building, then fall back on the British legation buildings.

On the evening of June 13, wild shouts heralded the arrival of the Boxers, armed with swords and spears. First the enemy set fire to a missionary chapel. Then they spread out fanwise, burning everything that even savored of the foreign. They set aflame every foreign house in the city, every Chinese place dealing in foreign goods or in any way connected with the hated Westerner.

The frightful carnival knew no pause, and soon thirst and hunger were added to the city's charred and bleeding misery.

The German Ambassador, Baron von Ketteler, set out for the Foreign Office with his interpreter, against the advice of the others. Ten minutes later, his Chinese outriders came galloping back with the information that he had been shot to death by a Chinese army

officer and his interpreter badly wounded. Baron Ketteler's skin was removed, tanned and used for a chair covering.

This opened a new phase of the siege. Previously the Boxers had confined themselves to cold steel. Now they used repeating rifles and fixed Krupp guns and smooth bore cannon on the city walls in positions commanding the buildings. For added effect, the attackers set off firecrackers.

By THE end of July, with still no relief in sight, eventual massacre of the defenders appeared to be inevitable, but they held on doggedly. At every rush from the enemy, they would toll a huge fire bell to signal a general turn-out.

The Boxers had systematically classified their enemy: those who traded with foreigners were "secondary devils." Those related to foreigners were "tertiary devils." All were subject to plunder and murder on sight. Dead bodies lay about the streets, covered with mats and beset by pariah dogs. Pools reeked with putrid corpses of both men and beasts.

On August 14, after two months of incomparable horror, a polyglot column of some 25,000 men—Japanese, Russians, British, Amer-

icans, French—battered its way into the city and ended the siege.

This expedition across country had few, if any, parallels in punitive vengeance. By comparison, Sherman's march to the sea in the American Civil War was a gentle outing. It laid bare a swath ten miles wide all the way from Tientsin to the capital, leaving scarcely a blade of grass living in its wake.

Detachments, usually Russians, ranged far off to the side to plunder and kill and destroy in a diabolical frenzy that rivaled even that of the people they were sent to suppress as heathens. They looted and burned every hut and house, and mercilessly bayoneted their occupants, regardless of age or sex.

Once inside the capital, the conquerors launched a program of death and destruction that has gone down alongside the massacre of St. Bartholomew and the Reign of Terror in Spain. Thousands of men, women and children were butchered on mere whimsy.

BUT CHINA's punishment did not end with the depredations of the troops. When the powers presented their bill, it seemed that the curtain must certainly be rung down on the Celestial Empire forever. For one thing, she was

obliged to pay a joint indemnity of \$334,000,000 to Germany, Austria-Hungary, Belgium, Spain, the United States, France, Great Britain, Portugal, Italy, Japan, Holland, Russia, Sweden and Denmark.

Our share was \$24,440,000, one-half of which we turned back eight years later when we learned that this amount exceeded the damage and cost of the expedition.

Indeed, if it had not been for the intervention of this nation on behalf of preserving China's territorial integrity, her fate would likely have been sealed by partition.

An empire ravished and tottering, hundreds of thousands dead and dying, untold wealth des-

troyed, nations disgraced to posterity—all this, or at least the ignition of the fuse, because four newsmen had prankishly resorted to invention on a newsless night in Denver.

Was ever a joke *less* practical?

Victor Hugo Boesen was seasoned to crime and violence at a tender age by four years as a police reporter in Chicago. After working his way up to a night editorship, he went into radio, and for two years researched and wrote a daily news commentary for a well-known voice. Boesen now lives in Hollywood, writes a syndicated movie column, has just completed his first motion picture scenario.

—Suggestions for further reading:

THE INSIDE STORY

Edited by Robert Spiers Benjamin \$2.75
Prentice-Hall, Inc., New York

HOAXES

by Curtis D. MacDougall \$3.50
The Macmillan Company, New York

THE PAGEANT OF CHINESE HISTORY

by E. Seeger \$3.00
Longmans, Green & Co., Inc., New York

Answers to Questions on Pages 65-66

1. Horse. 2. Whale. 3. Mongoose. 4. Deer. 5. Gorilla. 6. Dog. 7. Cow. 8. Goldfish. 9. Fox. 10. Pig.

11. Bull. 12. Cat. 13. Dog. 14. Elephant. 15. Duck. 16. Panda. 17. Horse. 18. Cricket. 19. Lion. 20. Bear.

21. Horse. 22. Whale. 23. Panther. 24. Polar Bear. 25.

Mouse. 26. Goat. 27. Dog. 28. Horse. 29. Roach. 30. Gorilla. 31. Wren. 32. Rabbit. 33. Dog. 34. Dragon. 35. Ram. 36. Horse. 37. Cat. 38. Fox. 39. Reindeer. 40. Rooster.

41. Horse. 42. Rabbit. 43. Dog. 44. Dog. 45. Reindeer. 46. Bull. 47. Cat. 48. Sturgeon. 49. Horse. 50. Bear.

Coronet's
Gallery of Photographs

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WILLIAM BARD
DON WALLACE
WALTER SANDERS
WESTELIN

BRASSÁI
ARNFELD
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ANTE KORNIC
SCOGHER
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MEISEL





Earliest American

ISADORE BERGER, DETROIT

NOR

CORONET



NORMAN WALTERS, INDEPENDENCE, MO.

Land of Oz

OCTOBER, 1941



Stairway to Nowhere

GASTON, FROM VICTOR LEON

CORONET



LEON

JOHN GUTMANN, SAN FRANCISCO

Storm Warning

OCTOBER, 1941

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After the Ball

DAVID MURAMOTO, HONOLULU

CORONET



JENÓ DULOVITS, FROM SCHOSTAL

Pained Expression

OCTOBER, 1941



Block and Chip

BERKÓ, BOMBAY

KEN

CORONET



KENNETH HEILBRON, CHICAGO

Witching Hour

OCTOBER, 1941



The Glory Road

FRITZ HENLE, FROM PUBLIX

SEVI

CORONET



BLIX SEVERO ANTONELLI, PHILADELPHIA

Orbed Ray

OCTOBER, 1941



Bastion of Learning

WILLIAM BARD, MT. VERNON, N. Y. DO

CORONET



N. Y.

DON WALLACE

Far Away and Long Ago

OCTOBER, 1941

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Down by the River

WALTER SANDERS, FROM BLACK STAR

CORONET



WESTELIN, CHICAGO

First Pull

OCTOBER, 1941



Sunrise on the Marshes

BRASSAÏ, PARIS

CORONET

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BARRETT GALLAGHER, NEW YORK

Idyll in Bronze



Idyll in Bronze



Dalmatian Dormitory



Dalmatian Dormitory

DR. JOSEPH H. LORBER, CHICAGO



FRITZ HENLE, FROM PUBLIX

The Good Earth

OCTOBER, 1941



Pelican Quartet

ARNFELD, FROM BLACK STAR

CORONET



TAR

CAROLA GREGOR, FROM MONKMEYER

The Law

OCTOBER, 1941



La Cretonnière

BERKO, BOMBAY

CORONET

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ANTE KORNIČ, LJUBLJANA, JUGOSLAVIA

God's Little Acre

OCTOBER, 1941



Lifeline

SCOCHER, PONTRESINA, SWITZERLAND

CORONET

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JOE CLARK, DETROIT

Treed Coon

OCTOBER, 1941



Last Roundup

MEISEL, FROM MONKMEYER

CORONET

The Game of International I.Q. *The favorite name of hundreds of Frenchmen and Belgians who have fled their conquered homelands to keep up the fight against the Nazis is "Louis Blanc," the equivalent of our American "John Doe." Such was the case with the secret agent in this affair. Can you solve it?*

The Case of the Classroom Code

by RICHARD WILMER ROWAN



LOUIS BLANC was a middle-aged patriot, disguised in little ways to seem even older than he was—humble, beaten-looking and seedy. Blanc had come across to Belgium from beleaguered Britain the night before, by plane and parachute, like scores of other daring invaders who maintain the secret-service traffic between British Intelligence headquarters and the Nazi-dominated Continent.

Now "old" Louis Blanc was bound for a certain remote little schoolhouse where the usual espionage summaries would be waiting for him.

It was a fine morning in early May. The windows of the small schoolhouse were wide open. War and invasion seemed far away. For it was the Nazi civil administration with its endless

rules and regulations that had taken control of Belgium. And right now, in the schoolroom, a bumptious Nazi examiner was paying an official visit.

The Belgian teacher did not dare allow herself to seem distracted. Yet she was expecting "old" Louis Blanc on his dangerous rounds and there *was* something a bit odd about the Nazi Herr Doktor. She braced herself for the coming ordeal. "And now, the geography test—" she said. "Annette!"

As a bright-looking blonde child in neatly mended blue and white check gingham arose, a kind of fluttering inattention swept over the room. The head and shoulders of Louis Blanc had appeared in an open window and when the young teacher turned somewhat reluctantly in his direction, he bowed with meek good humor.

"Good morning," he said to all.

The bespectacled Nazi visitor cleared his throat with disciplinary emphasis. Bad for learning, such interruptions—these Belgians!

"Annette," said the teacher, as if the little girl and not she herself had been the more distracted by Louis Blanc. "What is the capital of this province—of East Flanders?"

"Ghent, Mademoiselle."

"And the capital of Scotland?"

"Edinburgh," said the child.

"That is correct," said the teacher, but none too comfortably. The Herr Doktor plainly frowned upon non-Axis geography.

"And the capital of—of Sweden?"

"Stockholm, Mademoiselle."

"We will proceed rapidly," the teacher explained. "Jacques, the capital of Japan?"

"Tokyo—"

"And the capital of Turkey?"

"Why—Ankara, Mademoiselle."

"Correct," said the teacher. Jacques, who looked undernourished, sat down in triumph.

Another little girl was on her feet now. "Julie—what country has Lisbon for its capital?"

"Portugal has, Mademoiselle."

"Can you name the great river of Venezuela?"

"Yes, Mademoiselle. The Orinoco."

Louis Blanc, the idler at the open window, appeared bored and less attentive, yet he did not stir under the disapproving scrutiny of the Nazi.

A boy pupil had risen.

"Hamburg is on what river, Jean?"

"The—the Elbe—that is, I think—"

"Yes, yes—the Elbe . . . And the capital of Sweden?"

"Stockholm."

"You asked them that a moment ago, Fraulein," the visiting Herr Doktor admonished.

"Oh—why of course. Then, Jean, can you tell us what country in South America has Lima for its capital?"

"Peru."

Another boy was ready to answer when the teacher went on: "What land has Reykjavik as its chief city?"

"Iceland, Mademoiselle."

"And the capital of Canada? . . . No, I asked that before," said the teacher. "The great river of Venezuela?"

"Orinoco, Mademoiselle—"

"You asked *that* before, Fraulein," said the Nazi examiner.

"Oh, dear—I'm afraid I did. Then try this one, please, Edouard—the most famous port of southern Italy?"

"Naples, Mademoiselle."

Louis Blanc, the nondescript lounge, turned casually away and disappeared.

When the examination was finished, the German crossed suddenly to one of the open windows. But when he looked out to see what had become of that shabby old idler, Louis Blanc was nowhere to be seen.

Once out of sight of the school building, the secret agent had abandoned his indolent air, his leisurely pace—but *how had he been warned away, and in what terms?* (Answer on page 110)



Model Children

A Portfolio of Personalities

by ELLSWORTH NEWCOMB

HHEIGHTS recorded in inches, rather than feet, the children whose pictures you see on the advertising pages of national magazines often launch their careers when they are scarcely larger than their social security numbers.

Blonde or brunette, freckled or glamorous, these famous boys and girls help sell you everything from automobiles to safety pins. As accustomed to a camera as a top-flight movie star, they enjoy their work partly because it satisfies their fondness for "make-believe."

Their services are paid for at the rate of about twenty or thirty dollars a day. In many cases earnings are put aside for future education or other useful purposes.

Nice work if you can get it. But the maestros of the model agencies, John Robert Powers and Harry Conover, emphasize the fact that finding juvenile models is a difficult assignment.

Mere perfection of features is not enough. Only healthily typical American children make the grade—children who look as real as the boy next door. Naturalness, intelligence and animation are as essential as they are hard to find.

They are found, though, as evidenced by the seven youngsters whose portraits in action and personality sketches appear in the pages that follow. Most of them you'll recognize.



PHOTO BY JOYCE-DRAVNEEK, COURTESY N. Y. TEL. CO.

Mary Lou Scott

There will be seven candles on this blue-eyed young lady's next birthday cake, but she was a model before she was eligible for even one of them. At the advanced age of nine months she posed for pictures in connection with publicity for a Yale professor's book, her poise unruffled during a two-hour session while several cameras clicked.

With perfect features and sunny curls, it's no wonder that her photograph is used to advertise so many cereals and desserts. She's the little girl, too, who makes carpet sweepers

and washing machines look like fun to own, and a fashion show wouldn't be complete without her.

Better than anything else she likes to play with her sister Joan, another well-known child model. She rides horseback, swims and bicycles.

Tutored at home, a two-family house in Woodhaven, Long Island, she is chaperoned to and from jobs by a young woman supplied by a secretarial service.

Right now Mary Lou and her sister Joan are happy over the fact that their mother is home again after a serious operation, for which their earnings are helping to pay.

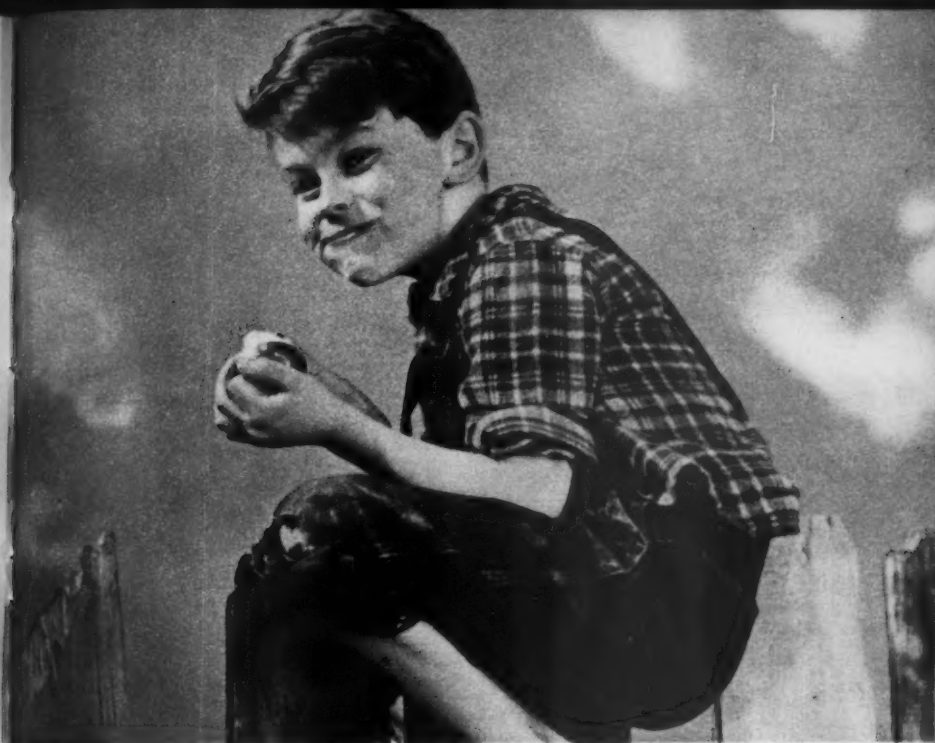


PHOTO BY CAROLA RUST

Edmund Abel

Known as the "10-minute-boy" because his extreme adaptability enables photographers to work with him quickly, this nine-year-old, dark-eyed, dark-haired Powers model is among the most famous in the profession.

During the seven years he has been working, Edmund has appeared on countless magazine covers and advertising displays. In the movie, *Back Door to Heaven*, he played the role of the banker's son.

A typical healthy American boy, his regimen excludes all medicines

with the exception of cod liver oil, includes brief winter play periods in the snow clad only in a bathing suit. Regardless of weather, he sleeps in an unheated room with seven windows open. Colds never interfere with his work.

His ambition to be a singer pleases his father who is employed in the shoe industry but who once had operatic aspirations.

Edmund is tutored at his home in Hollis, Long Island, and speaks German and Spanish which he learned from his mother, a former Spanish interpreter. His parents think modeling teaches poise and self-adjustment.



John and Donald Devlin

These brothers have been kept busy ever since the day three years ago when a man in a subway handed their mother John Robert Powers' card.

John, now eight and a half, has blond tousled curls, a generous sprinkling of freckles and blue eyes. A lot quieter than his auburn-haired, green-eyed young brother Donald, he has set his heart on being a baseball player ever since he posed with Leo Durocher of the Brooklyn Dodgers.

Although both Mr. and Mrs. Devlin are Scotch, the boys look Irish and

are always in demand when Irish types are needed. They go to a Catholic school and try to make modeling engagements for late afternoon.

Six-year-old Donald fairly bursts with enthusiasm for his work and can't decide whether he'll be a camera man or a cop. He's already taking pictures with a Brownie. He specially likes jobs where they give him ice cream. This happens pretty often, he says.

Both boys go out on location with their mother, their favorite location being the beach. Most of their earnings are being saved for education.

Mary Lou & David Anderson

Blonde, dimpled Mary Lou Anderson at eight is right up there with the experts, playing bits in several of the *Information, Please* movie shorts.

After five and a half years as a Conover model she has reached the in-between stage for fashion work but is still in demand for advertisements. She is the young lady who "swings to Crispies" in the current magazines.

Unlike David, her hair is straight and has to be put up on old-fashioned curlers before she poses. No permanents, though. They are too artificial-looking to please the camera.

Four-year-old David's modeling career, begun at six months, is now at its peak. Much in demand for magazine fashion work, he made his radio debut in June of this year, singing over WJZ.

With their Scotch mother and Swedish father the Anderson children live in a modest home on Long Island. Of average height for their ages, they are both healthy, both take naps. On work days they are kept indoors for additional rest. En route to work they always call on their father, a magazine and tobacco concessionaire in Manhattan.



PHOTO COURTESY
PARENTS' MAGAZINE

Alice Fay

Registered with the Powers agency at six months, this dimpled, blonde, two-year-old has had a busy life. Her job is to look happy about various baby foods, medicines and soaps and to coax fathers to give a thought to life insurance and savings accounts.

Youngest of the glamour girls, she is said to be the highest paid of the baby models. Camera men and art directors call her "Miss Fay." Already on the temperamental side, she will keep all waiting endlessly while she takes a nap on location.

Alice has been featured by actor

Tom Powers in a broadcast sponsored by the Chase National Bank, has worked with Jinx Falkenberg and recently appeared in a British War Relief benefit. In fashion shows she models size one.

Obviously, her mother and her father, a master plumber, adore her. He recently suffered from a badly burned arm, and while he was unable to work, baby Alice supported the family.

Her favorite toy is a stuffed giant panda. She enjoys posing, and when being dressed for a trip from her Brooklyn home to New York, bounces about, squeals happily, "I go work."



PHOTO BY ZOLTAN S. FARRIS

*A chair that doesn't look like a chair—a wall
that doesn't look like a wall—these are products
of this school that doesn't look like a school*



Functionalism, Inc.

by KENT SAGENDORPH

ONTARIO STREET in Chicago, like London's Pudding Lane, is a quaint part of a great city. Marching bravely eastward from Michigan Boulevard, it is lined with expensive shops and haughty apartments only to end, baffled, in a motley collection of warehouses.

Sandwiched between the rear exits of a garish night club and the blank brick bulk of a skating rink, one unadorned concrete warehouse has two signs on the door.

One says: "Corned Beef and Cabbage." The other proclaims in Latin script: "School of Design. Second Floor."

Entering, one may turn left and seek solace in corned beef amid the noisy clatter of a thick-cup restaurant full of truck-drivers. Or one may angle to the right and climb the steel-edged stairs, built for the boots of freighthandlers.

This unprepossessing place is the American survivor of a great international movement, the *Bauhaus* of Dessau—which filled the world with tubular chairs and sectional sofas. The *Bauhaus*, like so many other things German, drew Hitler's ire because it was too intellectually independent. Hitler dissolved it in 1938.

Some fragments of the *Bauhaus* fled to America. Dr. Laszlo Moholy-Nagy escaped with some remnants of students' work and sought refuge in Chicago. There, in his concrete warehouse, Moholy-Nagy's movement has taken root.

The courage to lead this cultural exodus and the patience to keep it going in spite of appalling obstacles are apparent at once in the face and figure of this inexhaustible man. He is a 45-year-old

Hungarian, bright-eyed, smiling, optimistic as a new father. He has learned English a little too fast, and can walk clear across a room before remembering to include a verb in his freight-train sentences.

THE SCHOOL has students, largely because the name Moholy-Nagy means a great deal to artists and designers the world over. They are adults—serious workers in the field of design. This includes all kinds of design; architectural, industrial, textile, everything that bridges the gap between the creative artist and the productive machine.

They do the oddest things. They seem to be building toys, and having a great time cranking little wheels, flapping flexible frameworks of wire or paper or wood, carving Idaho potatoes out of wood and regarding them with profound deliberation. One student built a "smell-o-meter" which Moholy-Nagy insists is an odor organ; it will combine several selected odors, then separate them.

These things are serious experiments. This is the way his students recite their lessons. They are pioneers in their own fields, too. They study materials, stresses, textures and surfaces. They work with their hands ten hours for

every hour spent in creative design. They must be able to build, finish and demonstrate any object they can design, which is vastly different from the mere ability to draw a sketch.

A chair might be just a double loop of shellacked plywood. It is steamed and shaped so that it has a seat, and a back, and stands on the floor. "Go on," says Moholy-Nagy. "Sit on it—it'll hold you." He plunks his two hundred pounds down into the fragile-appearing thing. The chair bends easily, giving a springlike effect. "Lift it," he says. It weighs a pound and can be built for a dollar.

It doesn't look much like a chair, but it is a chair. It will do the job for which chairs are sold. You can make an attractive coffee-table out of that stuff for fifty cents, and it will serve the purpose just as well as a wrought-iron and marble masterpiece lovingly displayed at a fancy price in decorators' salons.

One of his students built an experimental wall. It isn't a wall at all; just a horizontal pipe near the ceiling with cords stretched down from it. For purposes merely of partition, it suffices. You can hang pictures on it and get ventilation through it, and you can buy new cords for a dollar or so when you tire of the color. It fulfills its job.

"It's functional," says Moholy-Nagy, proudly.

This word "functional" seems to trail after him like an echo. Everything his students design and build must be functional—it must serve the purpose for which it was designed.

In his white mechanic's coat he leads the way from one exhibit to another: past the print-shop, where advertising artists learn the mysteries of typography, past the rows of planers, shapers and lathes in the woodworking shop. In the stonecutting shop he pauses beside a pneumatic air-chisel. Removing the tip from the air-hose, he balances a screwdriver in the whistling blast of air. There it hangs, daintily.

"That's fun," he grins. "It's a stunt, to show the buoyancy of air. Who knows? Maybe some day we have chairs without legs—sprung on columns of compressed air like this. Some day—"

Even the bleak old warehouse is functional. It is the commissary of a defunct chain of restaurants, and in the blackened rows of bake-ovens Moholy-Nagy now stores big sheets of plywood at a constant temperature. Where long rows of heavy beef carcasses once chilled in huge refrigerators, he has built photographic darkrooms.

The students all begin with simple things. They build "hand-sculptures" which are just blobs of wood that balance easily, feel right to the touch and display the natural beauty of the material. Others are building things out of wire that look like mouse-traps. They are identified as structural experiments to prove the little-known strength of wire. Every student builds a device with all forms of surfaces arranged on it; prickly tacks, smooth fur, raspy sandpaper, velvety mohair. Then he draws a chart analyzing the "touch response" of each one. He will always know how to use any surface in its proper relationship.

As THEY progress, the work becomes more specialized. The usual course requires four years and leads to a bachelor's degree. An additional two years of intensive classroom and shop work will qualify a candidate for a degree in architecture. For busier artists there is a shorter two-year course and a dozen different one-semester evening combinations. Children have a Saturday morning class of their own, where they paint, model in clay and have a swell time.

The School of Design's faculty is one of Chicago's minor mysteries. It embraces so many famous names

that it reads like an academic "Who's Who," but the secret lies in the sublimated fact that they all donate their skill for purely cultural reasons. Nationally-known artists lecture there, free.

Moholy-Nagy and his disciples are experimenting with furniture, textiles and interiors so far in advance of current thought that their creations are sometimes breathtaking. Logic says that these implausible creations are right—that they do their jobs well, at a lower cost and with untold future possibilities.

But walls of yarn, springless chairs of plywood, three-dimensional pictures made of twisted

celluloid—in *your* house? Who's crazy? And who's right? These students, in the future, will answer that. They will find a happy medium between Moholy-Nagy's brilliant concepts and the reluctance of the conservative citizen to go too far into "modernism."

Even the students, apparently, are functional.

—*Suggestions for further reading:*

- INDUSTRIAL ART IN ENGLAND
by *N. Pevsner* \$4.50
The Macmillan Company, New York
- COLOR AND DESIGN IN THE DECORATIVE
ARTS
by *Elizabeth Burris-Meyer* \$5.00
Prentice-Hall, Inc., New York
- HAVE WE AN AMERICAN ART?
by *E. A. Jewell* \$2.75
Longmans, Green & Co., Inc., New York

Solution to Spy Case on Pages 99-100

THE young Belgian schoolmistress used the classroom exercise to warn away her confederate.

A mistake she made, which should disclose her stratagem to the reader was her selection of a Canadian city when she needed an O in the code message. Her own temerity alarmed her—throwing the enemy, Canada, at her German visitor; whereupon she pretended to think Ottawa a repetition. Immediately she asked for the great river of Venezuela, the Orinoco—and that *was* a repetition, as the methodical Teutonic mind of the

examiner promptly reminded her. Her sly warning was a simple one:

GHEENT	ELBE
EDINBURGH	STOCKHOLM
STOCKHOLM	PERU
TOKIO	ICELAND
ANKARA	ORINOCO
PORTUGAL	NAPLES
ORINOCO	

The alert and professionally experienced Louis Blanc knew what his ally was trying to say: this educational examiner might be a Nazi police spy, working against the Belgians.

To Sir Isaac Newton, idly reflecting in a garden, a falling apple opened the road to one of the most important discoveries in the realm of physics. Equally near at hand was the key to financial success for each of these three women.

There's Money in It

IF THOUSANDS of women's lapels bristle with spiders and other odd-gadget decorations, blame Martha Sleeper, film and radio actress.

Down Sunset Boulevard, in Ciro's, the Brown Derby and other Hollywood spots, Martha was eyed by cinema's pretties, who would not believe Martha actually had made, out of paper towels and instant-drying glue and dabs of lacquer, the horridly fascinating row of beetles that marched down her linen suit. They insisted on buying them.

Now your best girl probably owns a Martha Sleeper gadget — almost every city in the country has a store carrying her work.



DOLORES SMITH, wife of a Minneapolis real estate salesman, long irked at the difficulty of getting girls she could trust with her children, proposed this plan to Marian Thomas:

"Let's open a school and train girls to be mothers' helpers." They plotted a course of instruction: how to give baby a bath, how to prepare feeding formulas, et cetera.

Ten applicants were selected for a month's training of three two-hour classes a week for \$5. When the month was over the two instructors found jobs for all their graduates, taking 20 per cent of each first week's salary.

Today, Mother's Helper is a recognized Minneapolis institution.



MRS. WALTER STAUFFACHER of Monroe, Wisconsin, collects wishbones, dries them, paints them light blue and pink, then sells them as charms to tie on baby gifts. At Christmas they're painted gold, green, silver and red, decked with a pine cone or a tiny bell, and sold for place cards or tree decorations.

The author of Forgotten Mysteries presents some amazing and unbiased facts in answer to the question: what is this thing called dying?



Reports from the Dead

by R. DEWITT MILLER

HARD-DRIVEN snow hurtled across the streets of Philadelphia as night obliterated the washed-out daylight.

Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, then America's foremost neurologist, had retired early. A busy day had made bed seem irresistible. Sleep was just snapping the last thread of consciousness when his doorbell rang violently.

Struggling back to full consciousness, Dr. Mitchell answered the ring. Standing in the whirling snow was a little girl, dressed in a cheap, thin frock. About her shoulders was a ragged shawl.

"My mother is very sick," she said earnestly. "Won't you come, please?"

Dr. Mitchell explained that he had already retired for the night. He asked if the girl's family had no regular physician. The girl's

only answer was: "Won't you come, please?"

Deep in Dr. Mitchell's mind a memory of the Hippocratic oath stirred restively. He asked the girl to step inside. The girl said nothing more, but when the doctor had put on his greatcoat, she indicated that he was to follow her.

They walked a few blocks through the whirling snow and entered a middle-class house. There the doctor found a woman desperately ill of pneumonia. Strangely enough, the girl did not follow him into the sick room.

For a few minutes the doctor was busy caring for the woman. When he had finished, he complimented her on the intelligence and persistence of her daughter.

"But my daughter died a month ago," the woman cried feebly. "Her clothes are in that cupboard."

Opening the cupboard, Dr. Mitchell found the identical dress and ragged shawl which the girl had been wearing. The clothes were warm.

They could not possibly have been out in the night.

That is the story. It is a true story—unless you want to presume that Dr. Mitchell, president of the Association of American Physicians and of the American Neurological Association, told a tall tale for no reason.

And behind that story—and thousands of others like it—stands the world's oldest question: *what is this thing called dying?*

FIRST OF ALL, it must be admitted that there is no final answer. There is no single case, no one chain of research, which can be said finally to prove whether death is, or is not, the end.

Still, there are many significant clues. Some of the most outstanding of these are described here—insofar as possible without a comment. If a decision either way seems hard, it may be helpful to remember that this is one question which can mystify no man forever. Each of us must some day find the answer.

One thing more—there is no use to crucify any of the following

material on the cross of fraud. All cases in which fraud was even remotely possible have been intentionally eliminated. No turbaned mystics, no blackout seances, no cash-money-on-the-barrel-head mediums appear in the following data. Such professional miracle workers have been the abomination of the human race since it climbed out of the trees.

THE FIRST ORDERLY investigation of life after death was begun in 1882 by the British Society for Psychical Research.

The records of this society contain tens of thousands of cases, falling into certain general classes. The most startling of these is the "deathbed vision." There are thousands of apparently reliable cases in which a phantom double of a person was seen at the exact instant of the person's death. Often the phantom was seen by some one thousands of miles from the death scene.

During the decade of the 'twenties, a new, interesting contribution to the problem of life after death was supplied by a British military engineer, J. W. Dunne. He sought to prove that all human beings sometimes dream of events before they happen. He based his case on a large number of dreams,

some of which were his own. The following is typical:

Camped with the Mounted Infantry in 1902, Dunne dreamed that he was on an island. Suddenly he realized that the island was about to explode. Desperately he tried to induce the French authorities to evacuate the populace, stating that unless they did, 40,000 persons would be killed. But his warning went unheeded, and the explosion followed.

Some days after the dream, Dunne read a newspaper describing the explosion of Mt. Pelée on the French island of Martinique. The disaster had occurred *after* Dunne's dream. Although repeatedly warned, the French authorities had refused to evacuate the populace from the island. As a result, 40,000 persons had been killed, exactly as in Dunne's dream.

Dunne collected thousands of similar cases. He concluded that if the human spirit could escape from the time plane of the body, it would be absurd to presume they were the same. Therefore, death of the body would not necessarily mean death of the spirit.



It was at this time that the researchers at Duke University first saw the light of day. There, instead of trying to cover too much territory, the workers began by settling the dispute about telepathy. Thousands of experiments in which the participants tried to receive by mental telepathy the symbols on special cards, settled the telepathy argument once and forever—five years of attempts to find a hole in the experiments have left the case behind telepathy even stronger, if anything.

AFTER establishing telepathy as a fact, the psychologists at Duke picked up the lead left by Dunne.

They devised a number of experiments in which participants tried to call the order of a deck of cards, *before the deck was shuffled*. If scores *above* chance should be consistently recorded, it would go a long way toward proving that knowledge of future events was possible.

The latest reports of this experimentation, made public from Duke early in 1941, indicate very strong evidence in favor of such a faculty.

Obviously, the investigations at

Duke have established the fact that there is something in a human personality that is not quite of this world, something that can violate the known laws of matter. After the Duke research, it will be very difficult to maintain again that a man's brain and his soul are the same.

BUT THAT still does not prove that a human personality survives the death of the body. To prove this, positive evidence will be needed. Although it is not generally known, the workers at Duke have for some years been considering such evidence. The most thoroughly investigated case concerns Dr. John F. Thomas, psychologist at the University.

After the death of his wife, Dr. Thomas decided to conduct an elaborate experiment to discover whether a personality which—through certain psychics—represented itself as Mrs. Thomas, could give him supernormal information.

As an extra precaution against fraud, or telepathy from his own

mind, Thomas arranged for the majority of sittings with psychics to be conducted in England while he was in America.

For six years the investigation went on. All of the points discussed by the personality claiming to be Mrs. Thomas were graphed and charted. They were classified under headings of *correct*, *incorrect*, *inconclusive*, *unverifiable*. Thousands of different points were classified.

There are endless references—to a ball game they attended, to the color and design of a rug they

once owned, to occurrences in Mrs. Thomas' early life of which Dr. Thomas himself had never heard, to the names and personalities of men and women they had met, to a book Thomas had been read-

ing the day before the sitting.

The number of correct statements was better than seventy per cent!

Another worker in the same field was also faced with a case that concerned his own life. He was Dr. Hereward Carrington, particularly well-known for his



exposures of fraudulent mediums.

One day he was seated at his desk when he had an irresistible urge to phone a certain young woman. He did so, and was informed that the girl had died the day before. Immediately a series of strange occurrences began.

First there were a number of loud knocks which could not be traced to any normal cause. Then Dr. Carrington, together with several persons who visited him, had an overwhelming feeling that someone was standing in one corner of a certain room.

Lastly a key on the piano in the next room was struck several times. There was no one in the room. No pet animals were in the apartment. He concluded:

"Apparently some invisible entity had endeavoured to attract my attention, and when it suc-

ceeded in doing so, it had taken its departure. But I can't be sure."

And that is how the problem of life after death stands today. There is some strong evidence that dying is not the end. But the final answer has not been given.

Some day you are bound to discover whether you were right.

R. DeWitt Miller has been actively interested in psychic and mysterious phenomena for the past ten years and has assembled a vast file of cases along with a library of unusual volumes dealing with this and allied subjects. For two years he has conducted the much-discussed Forgotten Mysteries feature in Coronet. Both the 31-year-old Miller and his wife are able photographers as well as writers.

—Suggestions for further reading:

- MY EXPERIMENTS WITH DEATH
by R. DeBary \$2.40
Longmans, Green & Co., Inc., New York
- FORTY YEARS OF PSYCHIC RESEARCH
by Hamlin Garland \$3.50
The Macmillan Company, New York
- AN EXPERIMENT WITH TIME
by John William Dunne \$2.75
The Macmillan Company, New York

The Ones That Got Away

THE late David Starr Jordan, President of Leland Stanford University, was an ardent ichthyologist. He could recite the generic name of every fish that swims, and took an honest pride in this accomplishment. One year, during his presidency of Stanford, it occurred to him that it would be a nice gesture

to memorize the names of all the freshmen enrolled in the University. He began the project with real enthusiasm, but dropped it midway.

"I found," he explained, "that every time I learned the name of a freshman, I forgot the name of a fish."

—LESTER HIRST

Before you begin your next battle of wits with the arresting officer, heed to the advice of this California motorcycle policeman



Don't Call Me Cop!

by JAY CAMERON HALL

DURING the past few years I have arrested thousands of motorists for infractions of traffic laws. Yet I have let still other thousands get away with only a warning. Why? Because there is a technique to being arrested—an etiquette which can greatly increase your chance of leaving with a whole purse.

All right, you're arrested. I've flagged you over to the curb and that first unreasonable panic has gripped your solar plexus. Your breath is short. Your hands tremble.

Now get a grip on yourself. This is no catastrophe. At the worst it will only cost you a few dollars. And if you *show* you are the right

sort, it may cost you nothing. Remember that my friends (yes, I have them) think I am almost human. So practice your golden rule. It pays.

While I am racking my motor

and taking out my pinch book, quickly summarize the events of the last few blocks. What have you done? Chances are you will know why you are being stopped. In any case, realize

you have violated some law. I never stop a driver just to shoot the breeze.

Whatever happens don't be like the young woman I stopped the other day. As I approached her car she yelled out of the window: "Hey, Cop, what've I done?"

Jay Hall is riding a motorcycle for the Pasadena, California, police department. He is 26, has a young son, comes from a family of colorful newspapermen. Jay sold his first manuscript at 18; it concerned his experiences with the National Guard during the San Francisco waterfront strike of 1934. He missed court-martial by a hair, having forgotten to get permission to scribble about the affair. An ardent hand-crafter, Hall grinds telescope mirrors, builds boats and spent the summer mixing and pouring mortar for his swimming pool.

I winced, but said politely: "You've just run a signal." Her eyes widened. "What signal, Cop?"

That did it! I was injured in my *esprit de corps*. I whipped out my pencil. Yes, I am a cop when you talk about me. But not to my face. Call me, "Officer."

So, you are pinched. Before I ask you for it, have your driver's license ready for me. I will be flattered that you understand enough about my business to try to co-operate. I won't be responsible the next time I'm handed a social security card.

If you have followed instructions thus far you will be ready for the most important tip I can give you. *Keep your temper*. This is the moment of that all-important first impression. This is the time to manage the best smile you can. Right away I realize there will be no trouble with you. The tension which automatically comes over me on my approach to your car will relax.

With a smile, admit what you have done. Take the big, friendly man I caught speeding the other

day. The street was wide and smooth. His car was new. The only real danger lay in the possibility that someone might come from one of the numerous side-streets. He smiled and said:

"You've got me! I didn't realize how fast I was going. I've been on the highway all day and just wasn't thinking." To his surprise I let him off. I was convinced a warning would do more good in his case.

When you are told why you have been stopped, think it over. Be honest with yourself, and the offense will probably be quickly recalled. If you cannot remember anything about the event, concede that I am right. I am a trained observer and have been watching for just such violations. Besides, I hate to be violently contradicted. You might as well call me a liar.

Now for the critical period between the time of my first impression and the time I decide whether or not to write a ticket. One thing is all important—your



attitude. It should be one of sympathetic understanding combined with a knowledge of the reasons for law enforcement. Try to give the impression that you will benefit as much by a warning as a ticket—and *mean* it.

So far your fate hangs in the balance. True, the scales are swinging in your favor. You have made a mistake and realize it. You have been friendly and kept your temper. This is the time for a valid excuse, if you have one.

Some time ago I stopped a driver for cutting in front of another car. He said: "Why, Officer, I've been driving for twenty-three years, and I've never had an accident or been stopped. I *couldn't* have cut in front of the man as you say." I let him go. Then, about a month later, I saw another car cut in. The driver's face seemed familiar.

"Why, Officer, I've been driving for twenty-three years, and I've never had an accident or been . . ." I thrust my head in the window and grinned: "Remember me?"

Genuine excuses, however, are plentiful. If you are troubled with some problem, explain it to me. Worries are universal and are hard to discard completely, even though one's attention should be given

solely to his driving. If your financial condition is such that any sort of fine would be disastrous, explain it. But make it clear your vigilance will be increased.

I hesitate to mention the business of threatening. Along with the average officer, I know that a man in a responsible position is not the kind to utter threats. Nothing raises my blood pressure more than the vicious individual who knows a big shot who will "fix" me.

One driver I stopped was first incredulous, then indignant. As my pencil waded into the first line of the ticket he roared:

"You're wasting your time! I got a good friend in this department. Jay'll fix this for me."

My curiosity was aroused. I was the only Jay I knew of. "Jay who?"

"Jay Hall. He'll square it."

BUT LET'S get back to you. By now I have made up my mind. Either I have decided to warn you, or I have begun writing the ticket. If your attitude was all I could expect, if your story was convincing, you will probably be on your way with a warning.

If, however, your violation was one I could not overlook you have come to the second phase of ar-

rest. You are getting that ticket.

This is no time to backslide. It's as important to know how to take the ticket as it is to act properly when first stopped. Temper now is worse than before—it marks you a hypocrite. And don't suddenly get ants in your pants. There is a certain amount of data that must go on any arrest form and it's irritating to have you try to hurry the job. After all, the ticket is never final until the prosecutor has it.

And if, in spite of everything, you still get the ticket, sign like a man. The few lines directly above the signature line only say you are promising to appear—you are not admitting guilt. Not even a Philadelphia lawyer could find a legal loophole which would allow you to refuse. You *must* sign—or spend

the evening in jail.

When your copy is handed to you, don't jerk it out of my hand. My opinion is still worth something—that report has yet to be written.

There can be a wide variance in the report written about an individual case. Take my report on the man who accidentally ran a signal, narrowly missing two cars. He admitted he didn't see the signal and said he was only happy he had avoided an accident. He made sure I understood that his violation wasn't deliberate. I could have "hung" that driver. As it was I made it easy for him.

And if I make it easy for you, benefit by my warning. Repay my leniency with the caution it deserves. Because you won't get out of it a second time.

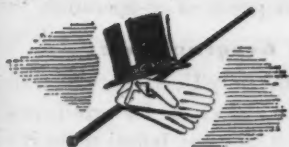


Some Potable Phrases

Dennis O'Keefe (*Weekend for Three*): "I've been resting on so many bars I feel like a dish of potato chips."

Charlie McCarthy (*Look Who's Laughing*): "Love is like champagne. Marriage is the headache and divorce is the aspirin tablet."

W. C. Fields (*My Little Chickadee*): "To hold a woman's love a man must be all things to her—father, mother, husband, Casanova, counselor, jackanapes, and bartender."



*A report from a strictly neutral
observer on who is doing what in
the realm of the very lively arts*

Carleton Smith's Corner

Coronets:

To *The Forgotten Village*: simple life in Mexico, making a successful movie without movie actors.

To Preston Sturges for his latest writing-directing job, *Sullivan's Travels*: Hollywood spoofed.

To *Arsenic and Old Lace*, which proves that even death can be funny.

To *All Gaul Is Divided*: a true picture of France today, written by thinking men.

To Laura C. Boulton for her album of Indian Folk Songs: rich and unde-filed Americana.

Ho-Hums:

To Paulette Goddard for attempting to substitute shorts for evening gowns.

To Party-of-the-Month, Inc., another over-organized substitute for thinking.

Thorns:

To ourselves for failing to study, publicize and solve the sex problems of our soldiers.

To soda stores and restaurants using dirty dish-water.

To RKO for casting Signe Hasso as the ghost of the lot.

To the Army's Morale Division for failure to provide exciting and inexpensive camp entertainment.

To diamond merchants who continue to ship to Germany.

To Hollywood for wasting even more talent than it does money.

Statistics Show:

Four-fifths of the nation's wealth is in the hands of widows.

Charley's Aunt is the most played play of modern times, has netted heirs of

Brandon Thomas several million.
Deanna Durbin is top box-office draw in Great Britain, Scandinavia, Japan and Australia.

Births, marriages and deaths increase in time of war.

Singin' Sam is heard regularly over more radio stations than any other entertainer.

Los Angeles has the world's longest picnic table, one mile, with seats for five thousand. Buses run the length of it.

Collectors:

Blue Pajamas: Leopold Stokowski.

Fans: Jeanette MacDonald.

Slang: Ben Grauer.

Old theater stories: Jane Cowl.

So They Say:

Emery Siposs: "Your body is what you make it."

Daniel Webster: "The past, at least, is secure."

Hitler: "It is wrong to want to give propaganda the many-sidedness of scientific teaching."

Lincoln: "As a nation of free men, we must live through all time or die by suicide."

C. V. R. Thompson: "In the old days, the equipment of a social climber had to include tireless patience and an almost inexhaustible bank account; now the most important thing to have is a tin of bicarbonate of soda."

Ovid: "The burden which is well borne becomes light."

J. S. Mill: "The most accurate test of the progress of civilization is the progress of the power of co-operation."

Purely Geographical:

Reno is the only U. S. city which still maintains a stockade for prostitutes. Fort Scott, Kansas, boasts three doctors: Hunter, Payne, and Carver.

Nevada advertises REAL TAX FREEDOM. It has no income, sales, inheritance, gift or transfer taxes.

The Santa Barbara (California) County Courthouse is architecturally the nation's finest.

Mt. Mitchell, North Carolina, is the highest point east of the Rockies.

At the foot of Anatomy Hill, Los Angeles, where Messrs. Legg, Foote, Shinn and Head live, there is a trail named Body Road.

Strictly Incidental:

The Secretary of the Treasury is known to intimates as "Henry the Morge."

The Italian radio still regrets that "Columbus was ever born."

War, like politics, makes strange bed-fellows.

Script writers' directions to the composer for Deanna Durbin's *Almost an Angel*: "Please write music like Wagner, but louder."

Arthur Schwartz, signed to write 104 songs a year for two air shows, was asked by the producer, "Isn't that going to take a lot out of you?" Schwartz answered, "Yes, but it's also going to take a lot out of Bach, Beethoven, and Brahms."



Drawn & Etched by H. Alken.

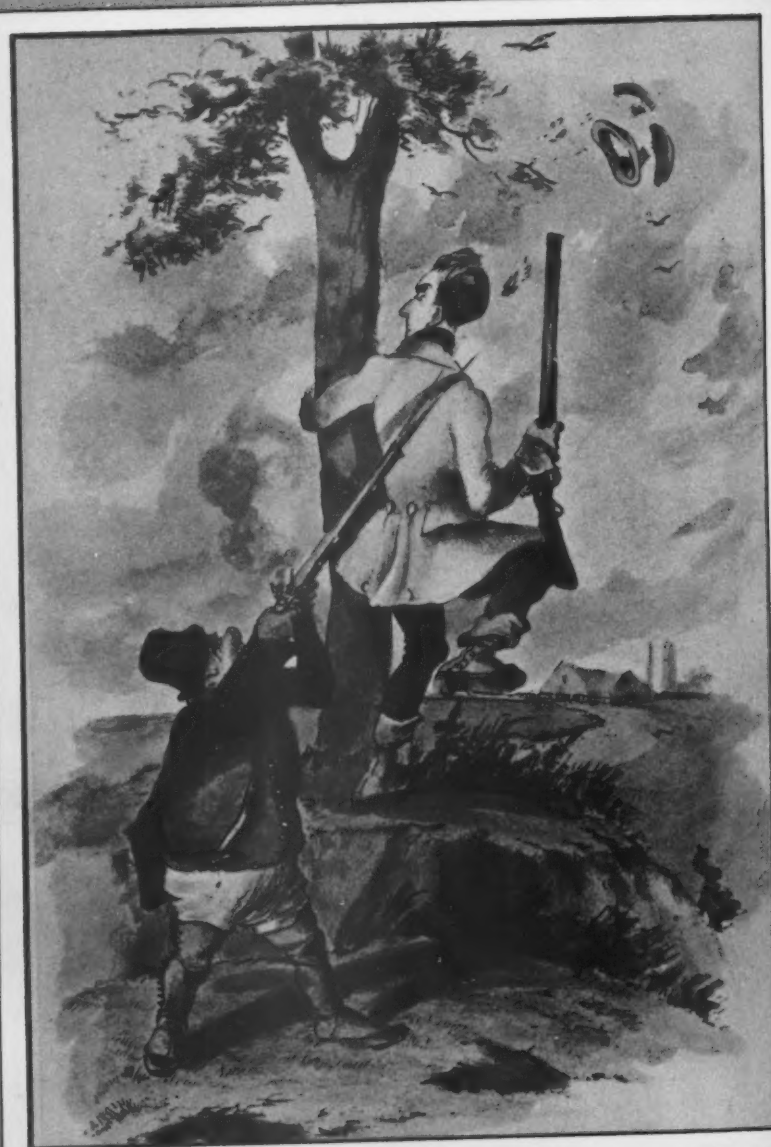
FLAPPER SHOOTING



"We shall certainly bring down something directly"

Sporting Prints

*by
Atken and Heath*



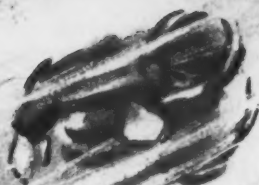
"Gad, Elkins, I should have hit him that time if your head had not been in the way"

Fiction Feature:

Six lines, at least, were changed around when Joe stopped in out of the snow and cold—into that warm living room

All Routes Covered

by GEORGE HARMON COXE



WHEN THE telephone rang at ten minutes of six, Joe Taylor crossed his fingers before he answered it. It was MacLeod, the country circulator, calling from Unionton.

"How's it in Gainbridge, Joe?"

"Okay," Joe said, a warm glow of satisfaction expanding within him.

"Swell," MacLeod said. "This storm's got us up to our ears in grief all over the state—no trouble, huh?"

"No calls, anyway."

"I could use some more guys like you," MacLeod said. "Nice going."

Joe hung up and swiveled his chair, his grin broad as he tipped back and laced his fingers behind his neck. Inverted letters on the plate glass window spelled: T. R. Gray, Real Estate and Insurance; and in one corner: *The Unionton Press*. That was he.

Beyond the window a county truck rumbled past, its plow spewing more snow on the four foot banks that lined the street. Starting at eight in the morning with what looked like noth-

ing more than a flurry, the storm had settled down in earnest until after three when, with the wind shifting, it began to drift. It had fooled everyone, coming late in the season like this and piling up so fast, but when you had the organization—he had eleven boys as the Gainbridge agent—the weather didn't matter. You got the papers out.

The telephone rang again.

"This is Ted Gates's father," a voice said. "Afraid he can't carry for you tonight, Mr. Taylor. He's got the grippe."

Joe mumbled something and hung up, his gaze morose. It would be Gates. Six or seven miles of country route and only thirty customers. So tough it had to be subsidized, Ted getting an extra dollar a week besides what he made. Joe groaned and gave the operator another number.

"Look, honey," he said. "Ted Gates is sick and—"

"I know," Julie Gibson interrupt-

ed. "You have to carry his route."

"Well—yes, but—"

"You wouldn't take me to see *Bachelor's Honeymoon* last night because you wanted to listen to Fred Allen and now—" Her voice trailed off, its vexation lingering. Then she went on, her voice even, reasonable. "Do you have to carry it, Joe? It's only thirty customers, isn't it? Those farmers can't expect a paper tonight."

There was no use telling her what MacLeod had said. It wasn't a question of whether the farmers expected

the paper or not. It was a job, and if possible it should be done. The *Press* wasn't the best sheet in the state, but it boasted it gave the best service. MacLeod depended on him.

"I have to try it," he said. "If I start right now I should be finished in—"

Julie's voice cut in sharply. "All right, Joe. But don't hurry. Someone will take me."

*Julie's voice
cut in sharply*



Joe heard the angry click of the receiver as she hung up. She was never too keen about his work. A glorified carrier boy, she called him, not realizing that eventually he might replace MacLeod as country circulator. After that, of course, there was no limit. Well, maybe he could get back in time.

PETE BOHAKER came in the front bedroom with a tall eggnog on a plate. He put it on the table beside his wife's bed while he turned up the lamp.

"Did you have a good nap, Leah?"

"I guess so," the woman said. "I thought I heard someone come in."

"That was a long time ago. Three-thirty or so. A man and his wife. Got stuck in the snow. They'll have to wait for the plow now." He leaned over, glass in hand. "Try this."

"Not now, Peter. I couldn't," she said as he protested. "Maybe later."

Bohaker looked down at her, helplessly. She lay quite still with her hair spread about the pillow and her eyes on the ceiling. Dimly, from the hall below, the doorbell sounded.

"Maybe it's the paper," she said.

He knew it was too early for the paper, and when he opened the door two men stood outside. They stepped in at his invitation, the tall, young-looking one first, helped somewhat by a blocky man who gripped one arm.

"I'm stuck down the road a ways," the blocky man said. "Use your phone?"

Bohaker shook his head. "Phone's

gone. About three-thirty when the power went off."

The man compressed his lips, glanced at his companion.

"Come in," Bohaker said. "It might come on any time."

"Guess we'll have to," the man said, lowering his voice. "But I ought to tell you. I'm Dineen, deputy from Unionton. I'm takin' him to Wellington." He glanced at the other. "For the grand jury. Should've been there couple hours ago. Well—"

He unbuttoned his prisoner's coat, and now Bohaker saw the handcuffs. He saw too, the thin frame, the bony hands blue with cold, the dull eyes that seemed to see nothing.

DONALD ALDRICH had risen from his chair in front of the fireplace when he heard the men come in; he'd heard their voices, too, and wondered if Fay had. She had stopped her solitaire on the dining room table and was watching through the arched doorway. Before he could go to her the three had entered from the hall.

The youth with the handcuffs didn't look at him, but walked slowly up to the fire. Dineen spoke:

"Fire sure feels good. That your car down the road?"

"Yes," Aldrich said, "I got stuck trying to cut over to Route 18 and save a couple of miles." He turned to Bohaker. "Don't they ever plow it?"

"Oh, sure. But when it's bad they have to take care of the main roads first I guess. They may come by to-

*"Glorified carrier boy,"
she called him*



night. If they don't, well, I guess we can find a place for you."

Dineen turned to his prisoner.

"If you're warm now, Earl, sit over here." He took the man to a chair beside a sewing table in a corner of the room where the lamplight did not penetrate. Unlocking one of the handcuffs, he put the man's wrists on either side of an arm of the straight-backed chair and relocked them.

"I've got coffee," Bohaker said. "In the kitchen. We can get something to eat, maybe."

Dineen went out with him, and Aldrich followed, pausing in the dining room to press Fay's shoulder. She glanced up at him, trying to smile, a slender, intelligent-looking woman with serious brown eyes, and hair like old copper.

"You're worrying about this, Fay. And you shouldn't. People do this every day—people who love each other. No one knows about us." He hesitated, feeling for words. "It isn't as if—well, we have known each other for a year, and we've never done anything to be ashamed of. God knows it hasn't been easy. We're not sneaking away for a week end, this break is real and final."

"Yes." She was silent a moment,

and her hand pressed his. "I guess it's just that—that I'm not so brave as I was. Yesterday, planning, it was all so exciting and I had courage. This morning, too. Even the snow didn't matter."

Resentment made a bitter taste in his mouth and his jaw was grim. "Damn this storm!" he growled. "Why did we have to get stuck here? It's being cooped up in this—this place that makes the difference."

Then he straightened, sighing heavily. "We'll still make New York, though, Fay. The plow'll be along before very long."

Bohaker and Dineen were talking over the kitchen stove.

"Name of Earl Stratton," the deputy was saying. "He and another guy tried to hold up the Globe Theatre, killed the doorman. Night before last it was. Didn't you read about it?"

"Oh," Bohaker said. "So he's one of 'em." He shook his head. "Don't look like a killer. Looks too meek and puny to me."

"Those're the kind."

"How'd you get him?"

"They didn't get any money on the job and we got Stratton when he tried to hock the gun. Said he found it in a trash barrel but the ticket girl thinks Stratton's one of 'em."

Bohaker cleared his throat. "I don't know's I can get up a regular

meal," he said to Aldrich as Dineen went out to the living room, "but there's plenty of cold ham and cheese. Think that would do your wife?"

"That would do very nicely," Aldrich said.

Aldrich watched Bohaker rinse out the coffee pot and for a few seconds stood scowling absently. He was a well set-up man, forty-ish but not paunchy. His face still held its firm, strong lines, and he had lots of hair although much of it was graying.

"You said your wife was ill?" he asked Bohaker.

"She's ailing, yes." Bohaker put down the coffee pot, a heaviness in his voice. "We lost our baby."

"Oh," Aldrich said and was ashamed of his inadequacy.

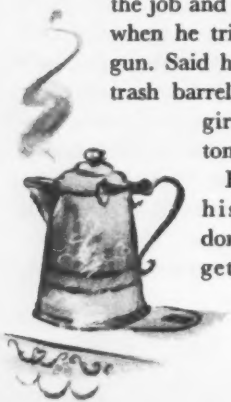
"He came too early, I guess. Lived three days in all. And Leah—well—somehow she don't perk up." He looked in the stove and added a stick of wood before putting the coffee on. "Seems like she isn't trying very hard."

Standing there with the disconsolate overtones of the man's voice in his ears, Aldrich found his mind folding back more than twenty-one years to a similar night. Margaret had taken it hard, too.

"We lost our first, too," he said. Bohaker looked up quickly.

"That's what I tell her. It isn't only us. It doesn't make any difference, does it?" he asked anxiously. "There were other children?"

"Two." Then, without quite realizing it, Aldrich was saying, "Would



you like me to talk with her? Do you think she'd mind?"

"Would you?" The pure gratitude in Bohaker's eyes made Aldrich glance away, and he heard the man go on. "I'll tell her. Seems like nothing interests her evenings any more except the paper and I guess it won't be coming tonight."

AT GUS BRONSON'S place, Joe Taylor backed his coupe up the drive to be sure he could get out again. He was beginning to feel the cold and weariness, and the only thing that brought him this far was a curious sort of pride that flowed anew with each delivery.

"Well, I'll be damned," Gus said when he opened the door. "Come in, Joe, and warm yourself."

"I've got to shove on," Joe said.

"You goin' to try and make Bohaker's?" asked Gus. "I guess he'd appreciate a paper all right, him with a sick wife and no radio and all."

Joe clumped down the steps and got into the coupe. At the turn into the highway he stopped. Curving off to the left were his tire tracks—he could get back to town easily, and a glance at his wrist watch told him he might still be in time to take Julie to the movies. Off to the right there was nothing but a waste of snow.

What difference could one paper make? One out of eleven hundred odd subscribers in his district—that was practically perfect, wasn't it? But there was the rub. What good was

practically perfect when you had a chance to do a job right?

"Nuts," he said, and let out the clutch, swinging toward Bohaker's.

ALDRICH SAT in a rocker beside Mrs. Bohaker's bed. She was sitting up now, a bed jacket about her shoulders, but she wasn't looking at him.

"I think I know how you feel," he said.

"How could you? You're a man."

"Yes, I am. But I can remember how it was with us. Somehow a woman seems to think only about the child that is gone. It's different with a man. He thinks about the child, too; but he also thinks about his wife. That's what hurts, seeing her lying there, not trying to get well, not thinking about him at all, though he loves her more deeply than ever. Women are cruel that way, making a man wonder if he ever was important to her, or if he was just someone to be a father to her child. That hurt stays there, unless—"

"Unless what?"

"Unless she sees what she's doing and realizes that he is still the man she loved."

"You had other children?"

"Two."

"How old now?"

"Seventeen—that's the boy in prep school. Sylvia, the girl, is twenty."

He went on, scarcely aware of her quickening interest as his thoughts centered on his daughter. She had always been his favorite, and what-



*Slyly, Earl Stratton
edged toward the
shining blade*

ever regret he may have felt in renouncing his home and business was caused by thoughts of her.

Certainly Margaret would not miss him much. She had her own interests, her clubs and her charities. Even now she was in Florida for two weeks and, though she might be shocked, she'd never be lonely. But Sylvia . . .

EARL STRATTON stared at the shining blade a long time before he realized what it was. A razor for ripping out seams, it lay there on the sewing table within inches of his elbow, the thin keen edge reflecting the light.

Somehow, the sight of that thin blade aroused a certain fascination and gradually, not willing it but simply because he offered no resist-

ance, he came to visualize this weapon for what it was.

Guiltily he glanced about to see if anyone was watching him; then, slyly, he began to edge toward it.

In his fingers, the razor blade felt cold and deadly, and he slid his handcuffed wrists back along the chair arm so that he could have more freedom of movement. He felt better already, having made up his mind, and he knew that no one suspected anything. The woman still played solitaire at the dining room table. Dineen and the farmer sat talking at the fire.

This was the easiest way out, the best way. Until now all he had expected was the chair, but even that meant trial, months of prison, waiting for the final day.

That he might be acquitted no longer entered his thoughts. Why should anyone believe he'd actually found the gun in a trash barrel? He was a transient—and why should this jury believe him? A man had been killed, a local man, a family man.

He put the blade against his wrist, tentatively, gently. It should be easy. He must be sure only of two things—that he make the gash deep and final, and that he make no sound, lest Dineen find out and bind up the wrist. With one eye on the deputy, he turned his hand slightly and pressed the blade to test it. How sharp was it? How strong must the slash be?

He realized then that pressure was not enough, that he must draw the blade across the skin. He tried it ex-

perimentally, and a small cut opened, pinkish at first, then slowly filling with blood. Sweat bathed his body now. His mouth and throat were dry. He swallowed with difficulty, knowing that he must sever veins and artery in that one sure slash, that he must never look down; otherwise he might faint and spoil the show.

He found the spot on the inside of his wrist and guided the blade above it. He took a firm hold on the handle and set his teeth . . .

Footsteps thumped on the porch, and he stiffened, hiding the blade as he saw Dineen turn; then a bell rang, and Dineen and the farmer were on their feet and starting for the hall, the deputy eying him in passing.

He let his breath come out and sat back, scalp prickling. A near thing, that. If he'd made the cut ten seconds before, Dineen would have noticed. He'd have to wait until things settled down again, not that it mattered. He held the blade out of sight . . .

Peter Bohaker opened the door, gaped at Joe Taylor, and then his stolid face cracked wide in a grin. Reaching out a big hand he dragged Joe in the hall.

"Well, come in, boy. Come in. I'm sure glad to see you." He slammed the door and yelled up the stairs. "Leah! Paper's come . . . Take your things off, Joe. You'll find coffee in the kitchen."

He watched Joe shed his coat and overshoes, noting the paper sticking from the mackinaw pocket. "Got an-

other one of them papers?"

Joe passed over the extra copy.

"Go ahead, Joe," Bohaker said, on his way up the stairs. "You know where the kitchen is."

Joe went along the back hall. Dineen flipped open the newspaper as he walked toward the fire, stared, and stopped suddenly.

"Well, I'm damned," he said softly. His head came up, his glance stabbing at Earl Stratton. "Something that might interest you, Earl."

He slapped the paper down on the sewing table. "Read that!" he ordered, and followed the six column headline over his prisoner's shoulder.

TWO SHOT IN ATTEMPTED HOLD-UP

Dying Gunman Confesses

Theatre Killing—Stratton

Victim of Mistaken Identity

The state-wide hunt for the gunman who held up the Globe Theatre and killed the doorman ended this afternoon at 2:35 when the police surprised the killers in a daring hold-up of a Walker Street jewelry store. While scores of shoppers looked on . . .

"Two thirty-five," grumbled the deputy. "Hell, I didn't leave headquarters till two-thirty. A fine thing. All this trip for nothing." He straightened and pulled some keys from his pocket, inspecting them thoughtfully and bunching his lips. "All right," he said resignedly, "hold 'em up here and we'll take off the hardware. If the phone gets working I can find out

more about it but—What's the matter, fella? You're trembling like a leaf. What happened to your wrist? Why didn't you tell me I'd pinched you with the cuff?"

IN THE bedroom, Bohaker sat down in the rocker that Aldrich had just vacated and opened the newspaper.

"I never thought he'd make it," he said. He paused, seeing new color in his wife's cheeks. "You're feeling better, aren't you?"

"Yes."

"But you have to drink the eggnog if I read."

"I'll drink some of it now," the woman said, and smiled.

He jumped up and stirred the drink vigorously.

"Leave it there a minute," she said. "Come here. Closer. Now bend down."

She pulled his head forward and kissed him. "I love you, Peter," she said, and smiled again, and he looked at her, not knowing whether there were tears in her eyes or only in his.

ALDRICH was alone in the kitchen, staring out the window moodily. He heard light footsteps and knew it was Fay. Lamplight burnished the coppery softness of her hair and her eyes were gentle, serious. She was carrying a piece of Dineen's newspaper.

"Here," she said and offered the carefully folded paper, pointing to a paragraph with her finger.

His glance jumped to the one column headline and he read: *Storm Toll Rises*. Fear struck all the way through him as he jerked his eyes down along the blurred type to her finger and a subhead which said: *Three Hurt in Manfield Crash*.

The name leaped out at him—Sylvia Aldrich—and all inside him was a vacuum as he tried to put the words together, to get the truth from that awful paragraph: *Shortly after noon . . . skidded while trying to avoid a truck . . . Sylvia Aldrich . . . sprained back and contusions of head and face . . .*

He let his hand drop and looked at Fay, hearing her say, "It'll be all right, Donald. It can't be serious, but

ILLUSTRATIONS BY
ROBERT GREENHALGH



Margaret's away. Sylvia'll be alone. You'll have to go back." When she paused her lip quivered, and she stopped it with more words. "There's time enough. No one knows about us. We'll have plenty of time to get back, Donald."

And then she put one hand at the back of his neck and put her face against his and gently kissed his cheek. He held her that way, telling himself that they would try again, but knowing even then that it would not be so; that once they turned back they were lost. Then something happened, and the room was suddenly bright.

She drew back. "It's the lights. The power's come on." And she pushed open the dining room door.

Everything was light beyond this, and he could



She pulled his head forward and kissed him. "I love you, Peter," she said

hear the voices of the others. Someone was moving in the hall, and Dineen said, "Maybe the phone's on too . . . Yep, damned if it ain't . . . Operator . . ."

Aldrich squared his shoulders and took a breath. Fay was holding the door for him, smiling wistfully, waiting. He made himself smile back at her and followed her to the living room.

Dineen came back from the hall rubbing his hands. "It's okay, Earl," he said. "The paper's right. Nothing to worry about now . . ."

Bohaker came in. There was a calm serenity to his face as he spoke to the room, "She'll go to sleep now. She'll be all right . . . Joe, I sure appreciate your trouble in getting that paper through tonight."

Aldrich, turning to stare at the fire said, "I think we all do, Joe."

It was after ten when Joe Taylor drew up in front of the Gibson house on Green Street. There was a light in the living room.

"Oh, Joe," whispered Julie when he stepped in the hall. Her arms went about his neck. She was clinging to him, and he felt warm and tingly inside.

"Your folks in bed?" he asked. "I thought I'd stop by and see if you'd got back from the movies yet . . ."

"Oh, I didn't go, Joe."

"Oh," said Joe, his cup of happiness spilling over. "I got stuck at the very last place. Couple other cars stuck too. The plow just now pulled us out." He held her off to inspect her flushed cheeks and the loving softness of her eyes.

"I'm really terribly sorry about the picture, honey, but I'll make it up to you. I really had to do it, Julie."

"I know," she said, pride glowing in her glance. "And I'll bet those people didn't half appreciate it."

"I don't know." Joe cocked his head thoughtfully, trying hard to recall some incident of the trip that would prove his old argument that getting a newspaper out was just as important and dramatic as writing a story that appeared in it. He couldn't think of anything, though.

"I don't know. Some of them did, I guess. Seemed mighty glad to see me anyway. You'd be surprised how folks get to count on a paper once they're used to having it every night."

"Kinda lets them down not to get one, specially on a mean night like this."

George Harmon Cox has grappled with and solved ten murder mysteries via his typewriter. His latest, Mrs. Murdock Takes a Case, has just been published. Outside of this, Mr. Cox has worked in advertising and written for 20-20. At present he is tentatively settled on a so-called farm of seventeen acres in Old Lyme, Connecticut, with his wife, two children and a particularly amiable white bull terrier named Duke.



Echoes and Encores: A Cartoon Digest

YOUR CARE FROM GEORGE MATTHEW ADAMS SERVICE



"Sounds exactly like a time bomb!"

PHILLIPS FROM BROWNE FEATURES



"He's a mighty sick man if you ask me."

LARRY REYNOLDS FROM COLLIER'S



"Say, 'Pretty Please!'"

FRED NEHER FROM CONSOLIDATED NEWS FEATURES



"Don't you like me ... You don't take
me any place any more."

HENRY BOLTINOFF FROM AMERICAN MAGAZINE



"Well, George, did you get the raise?"

FRANK DARLREN FROM JUDGE



"I don't want to buy anything—I just came in for a laugh!"

The Coronet Bookette:



Behind the Rising Sun

*A condensation from the book by
James R. Young, for thirteen years
a foreign correspondent in Japan*

JIMMY YOUNG, newspaper man in Japan for thirteen years, believes Americans can learn more about the Oriental by watching the vagaries of his everyday life than through studying his foreign policies and his economic standards. Therefore, any summing up of his observations might be expected to include a wealth of amusing and often macabre details. In the pages that follow, many such episodes from his career are related. *Behind the Rising Sun* is a perspective of years of experience through the eyes of a newspaper man who misses nothing. It is witty, sharp, revealing . . . and it is Japan.



Behind the Rising Sun

MY FIRST glimpse of Japan was in 1927. As sailor aboard the vessel Emil Kirdorf, I had steered the ship into port on the tail end of a typhoon. Since the ship was not due to sail until the following afternoon, I had time to visit Tokio, an hour's train-ride away.

The electric train was my first impression of the strong American influence even then visible in Japan. In the midst of oriental chaos, it looked like an old friend from home. As I rolled along, by closing my eyes, I could almost pretend I was in America.

It wasn't long, however, before I discovered that the trains were not as purely American as I had first thought. Instead, they were a typical Japanese copy of American trains—with typical Japanese "improvements."

It was my nose that first discovered how they had improved upon the original American model of a passenger coach. Then I saw a series of brass



spittoons set neatly on a level with the floor to prevent one's tripping over them. Into them, Japanese commuters did the expected thing, but also carried the typical Nipponese passion for improvement to its logical conclusion. The receptacles were there to be

filled, and they filled them.

Standing outside the station in Tokio, on my arrival, I suddenly felt lost and bewildered. Contrary to my preconceived belief in a highly regimented Japan, the plaza reminded me of nothing so much as Times Square on a New Year's Eve.

I started to wedge my way through the traffic when I was assailed by an "Oi!" yelled into my left ear. I turned to confront an officer, sword at side, waving a paper lantern. I started to explain that I wanted to go to the Imperial Hotel. The policeman let loose another string of dialect.

How long this interchange of incomprehensibilities would have con-

tinued is problematic. Finally, however, I heard the welcome sound of German.

Asking and receiving directions, however, was no simple matter. Before the policeman would tell me what I wanted to know he had to question my German rescuer as to the identity of the Japanese woman with him. He was only mildly satisfied to discover that she was his wife.

I didn't realize it then, but I was seeing in Japan at first hand the beginning of a pattern that repeated itself throughout the world—the subtle infiltration of Germans into countries by marriage and business ties. By this time one hour had passed—which was typical, I learned later. Not even an earthquake could alter this oriental paradox of moving forward by moving backward.

I soon discovered that I need have no fear of overlooking the Imperial Hotel. It would have been as easy to overlook a nightmare. Years later, when I heard Harry Thaw's reported remark on first viewing Rockefeller Center, "My God, I shot the wrong architect!" I wondered what he would have said if he could have seen the Imperial Hotel.

When I left the hotel I had every intention of returning to the ship, but the smell of newsprint won out. Even in America I had heard of Mr. B. W. Fleisher, owner of Japan's *Advertiser*, an unparalleled figure in Far

Eastern journalism and, reasoning I could always catch a later train back to Yokohama, I decided to look him up.

Twenty minutes later I had a job in his advertising department.



Good advice: Two bits of advice are usually handed out to new American residents and tourists. The first is not to be burned by the Japanese bathtubs.

In the wintertime there is always plenty of cold air in a Japanese house, due to the lack of any heating system, and to keep warm the best remedy is the Japanese bathtub. It is a wooden affair that comes up to your shoulders when you sit in it. In the bottom is a space where a fire is built to heat the water. The heat the bonfires can generate is terrific; when a Japanese emerges from his bathtub he resembles nothing so much as a boiled lobster.

The second bit of advice is always to leave some small change on the dresser top in case of a visiting burglar. If there is a small amount of money available, according to Japanese logic, the burglar will be less apt to disturb the room.

Mine was a typical two-storied Japanese house, opening on an alley way—perfect for petty thieves.

One American in a similar house, nearby, rigged up a primitive burglar

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alarm. Once, a prowler cautiously entering through his window, was startled by the sudden clank of a dozen beer bottles clattering about his head. The police were called. They had no description of the burglar, but that didn't stop them. They took off at a spring, running in opposite directions, under the apparent impression that speed would make up for any lack in more subtle detective methods.

To our surprise they returned with a captive who actually turned out to be the burglar. Their system? To arrest the first man who ran at the sight of a policeman.

The policemen of Japan carry neither pistols nor handcuffs. Their only weapon is a flimsy-looking sword. Traffic cops carry paper lanterns and keep cool with paper fans!

One night when we were playing poker a cat began to wail outside in the dark. Eventually it became too much to stand, and one of the boys, an American language student, fired his service revolver into the garden.

In a moment the Law was in the living room.

Would the American, the owner of the revolver, kindly explain?

He admitted that he had fired the revolver. That was obvious. Where had he fired the revolver? Into the garden. Why? Because of a cat. The Japanese official looked at him skeptically. Where was the cat then? The

bullet? We didn't know. It didn't make sense to the Japanese officials. If the bullet had been fired at a cat and the cat was gone, were we sure the bullet wasn't in the cat? Whose cat was it anyway? Who else was present? Names, addresses—and did they have revolvers too?

We tried our best to explain that if the bullet had entered the cat neither would be gone.

Later four policemen arrived. They carried a paper lantern, flashlights and the inevitable notebook. They searched the garden thoroughly. There was a lot of garden but no bullet.

Finally they took themselves off, carrying the revolver for future reference. It was weeks before the investigation closed. Everyone had been examined and cross-examined. Reams of testimony were taken down.

Then came the typical Japanese explanation for the weary weeks of interrogation and prying: "Very sorry, please. Just mistake!"

It was a phrase the rest of the world was to hear often in the years to come.



Restaurants: There is a saying that in China the sign of a good meal is a good burp. Naturally the Japanese have improved upon this courteous gesture by the addition of considerable toothpicks and sibilant wind-sucking byplay.

by James R. Young

The Japanese rarely entertain in their homes. But all day long crowds pour in and out of the thousands of restaurants in Tokio. My date book had sometimes as many as five luncheons and dinners in a day. A dinner starts at five.

Luckily the formalities of Japanese business luncheons and dinners are elastic. You can start with your soup course and leave in the fish course without even speaking to your host and arrive at some other dinner in the middle of the meat course without exciting comment. You can hit the giant strawberry course at eight-thirty at what would be your third party, be at a Foreign Office spokesman's geisha party at ten and then end up at another geisha party to promote the sale of sewer pipe to Mexico.

The soup course at a banquet for several hundred is a zooping symphony, but the greatest shock of all to the uninitiated American is the aftermath of a long fried-shrimp dinner. A glass of warm salt water is placed before you, together with a tall chrome-plated spittoon. Guests gargle, gurgle and spit with great gusto. The rinse prepares the mouth for dessert.

In the more cosmopolitan centers, the toilets in public restaurants are apt to be miniature works of art. One in particular is so ornate, with its red-lacquered family w.c., its goldfish pond, inlaid mother of pearl floor,

tiny bridges and singing canaries, that unsophisticated Elmers from the country often mistake it for a shrine and toss coins respectfully into the receptacles.

Sometimes at a Japanese banquet professional models appear to present some article of clothing for the bashful Japanese lady. They will, however, seldom appear before groups of women. These girls, who willingly model a G-string or less for a party of men, hesitate to model a Mother Hubbard for a feminine audience.

Too shy!

Sake and beer are standard liquid refreshments at Japanese parties. The average Japanese is reluctant to take a Martini or a Manhattan because he knows simply by looking at the cocktail what its effect will be.

Nevertheless a few cocktails are occasionally served, helping to break down any "face" reserve or shyness. I found that an Alexander cocktail is the most successful drink for geisha parties. The Japanese love for sweets leads to over-indulgence through the taste of cocoa flavoring, and it isn't long before they are all in the "Sweet Adeline" stage, red in the face and giggling. "Very sorry. I drunk. Ha-ha-ha!"

The spectacle of a serious Japanese business executive surrounded by geisha girls, giggling and apologizing for his state, is a sufficient breakdown of any normal international barriers.

Behind the Rising Sun



Patent medicines and

morals: The Japanese are not narcotic addicts compared with the Chinese. But they are one of the largest markets in the world for

the use of various patented cure-alls—tonics, laxatives, nerve remedies and even Thomas A. Edison headbands, peculiar contrivances which fit around the head and are supposed to make one “think better.”

Other highly touted remedies are made of such a variety of things as pulverized dragonflies, locusts, burnt bees for nursing mothers and fresh snake blood for anemic people.

The bulk of Japanese newspaper and magazine advertising is made up of grandiose claims for elixirs of life and hormone pills for the perpetual maintenance of masculine virility. Many products, also, are promoted as venereal disease remedies.

Japan is noted for its wide prevalence of sex stores. The most famous of these in Kobe yearly draws thousands of tourists intent upon procuring a copy of the famous sex catalog of the store, printed in Togo-schoolboy English.

This catalog lists, besides aids to contraception, a large number of quack aphrodisiacs, headed by essence of black Korean carrots. But despite indulgence in the use of this by the Japanese in their pursuit of synthetic passion, they otherwise lead

a more or less regimented love life. They are far behind the Chinese and Filipinos in flesh passion.

As a matter of fact, the Japanese police are always struggling with the question of morality. A San Francisco sculptress was forced to withdraw her work, based on events in the Garden of Eden, and a restaurant keeper was made to clothe the Venus de Milo standing in his lobby.

All this seems highly inconsistent to the American, especially when he learns that mixed bathing is so popular in Japan.

A law was passed prohibiting men and women in the same baths in the nude in the public bathhouses. The managers, to avoid building a separate partition, simply extended a rope across the middle of the four-hundred-person bathtub and posted signs on the wall reading “Women” on one side of the rope and “Men” on the other!



Manchuria: The first intimation to the Japanese people that there would be an emperor in Manchuria came through police seizure of copies of the newspaper: *Osaka Mainichi*, which headlined: **A MANCHURIAN EVENT IS COMING.**

The historical change, the newspaper went on to announce, “would come through the will of God and

by James R. Young

not through the will of the people.”

The police seizure of the paper struck me as strange, as I knew that the statement had been inspired by the Japanese secretary of the Manchoukuo Executive Committee.

This was only one of the many conflicts between the Japanese bureaucratic Home Ministry crowd, the Foreign Office and the Kwantung army clique which backed the deal.

However, Henry Pu-yi became Emperor Kangte with suitable fanfare and thereafter was left to conduct his purely nominal duties in a remodeled salt warehouse while great new buildings were erected to house new government agencies.

Henry, who was kidnapped in Peking and brought to Manchuria, can do nothing within his country and can't get out of it. Since he and his wife had no children, the Japanese arranged for Henry's brother to marry a Japanese woman to assure an unbroken line of puppet emperors.

The two nations joined in hearty celebration when an heir, half Chinese and half Japanese, was born.

Only Henry looked a little unhappy at the ceremony. The reflection was too pointed.

Occasionally Henry is brought to Tokio on a Japanese warship to render thanks for having “saved” Manchuria. The Japanese army always emphasizes that they have saved the Chinese from the Chinese. On one

such imperial visit Henry's large, maroon-colored imperial car stopped before a delicatessen in the heart of downtown Tokio, where the uniformed chauffeurs proceeded to purchase choice German sausages.

The next day the tiny delicatessen was overrun by Japanese police, inspecting iceboxes and counters.

They just wanted to be sure the sausages were pure.

Whatever happened to the chauffeur and footman who had imperiled the emperor's life by the democratic purchase of ordinary sausages is not a matter of record.



God cannot be dis-

turbed: When the American gunboat Panay was sunk near Nanking by Japanese aviators, Tokio's foreign correspondents rushed to the

government spokesman for a statement. The customary procedure for the Foreign Office spokesman in such cases was to deny a fact.

I had been privately advised that President Roosevelt might radio-telephone direct to the emperor. I asked the spokesman how such a call would be handled. He replied, “God cannot be disturbed.”

I had been long enough in Japan to realize the significance of God-Emperor worship. I have read a good many explanations of the respect and

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obedience which over seventy million Japanese show toward their ruler. But to me the best explanation is the fact that they are essentially a nation of ancestor worshippers. Their obedience is not to the emperor alone but to the thousands of years of tradition for which he stands. It is difficult to believe that foreign religions or customs will ever break down that feeling. The Japanese family system is almost impenetrable from outside forces; while they will outwardly adopt foreign methods and manners, inwardly they remain oriental.

In further conversation I gathered that any call from the White House would bring near panic to the imperial household. There was no precedent. It was easy to imagine the wave of resignations and face-saving, possibly belly-cuttings. Yet, realizing the numerous unprecedented things that F.D.R. had already done, it was not beyond the realm of possibility that he might at least attempt to speak directly to the emperor.

Probably in such a case the imperial family's officials would have torn out the switchboard's telephone wires and then disappeared for good.

However, with the spokesman's approval I cabled his four-word message. "God cannot be disturbed."

God cannot be looked down upon, either. It is an ironfast rule that in Japan no one should look down upon the emperor or anything having to

do with the emperor.

On one occasion this turned to the advantage of Japanese labor. This was the era of chimney sitters. In order to bring embarrassment on the concern, a man representing the employees fighting for higher wages or shorter hours, would perch himself on the chimney top.

There was labor trouble among a group of enterprises including the Ford Assembly Plant, a window-sash company and other American-owned concerns near the route the emperor was to take as he passed through.

True, the chimney sitter was two miles away from the railroad line the emperor traveled, but given abnormal sight and a view clear of obstruction—which it wasn't—he could conceivably look down on the emperor's train as it passed.

So the strike, involving highly important issues within the growing steel industry which today is famished from embargoes, was quickly called off. Face was saved. All demands were granted and the chimney sitter hastily hauled down.

The labor truce naturally lasted only until the imperial party had passed.

Chimney sitting was effective in municipal politics also. In Tokio one morning police discovered a man sitting on top of the city-hall chimney with his bicycle hoisted alongside. He had painted a long banner which

by James R. Young

hung from the top of the chimney, announcing simply, "I want a job."

He got one.

In international politics Uncle Sam is now the chimney sitter, and the Japanese want him to get off their smoke stacks.



The trials of reporting

the news: The death of Admiral Togo, hero of the Russo-Japanese naval battle, nearly cost me my job. I had written the story in advance

and arranged with various shifts to send it if I was not in the office when his death came.

The death occurred about seven o'clock in the evening. The Japanese *Yomiuri* immediately got out an extra and within an hour, extras were on the London streets.

About ten P.M. the Home Ministry issued a ban prohibiting the story, demanding at the same time that the *Yomiuri* withdraw the copies of their extra. I was forced to issue an official denial of my previous message. The editor of I.N.S. naturally was furious that I had violated a rigid company rule: "Get it first, but get it right."

The following day the Navy Department officially announced that Admiral Togo had died at seven A.M. The official explanation that I received for this twelve hour interval between life and death was that that

day was the thirtieth anniversary of the Battle of the Japan Sea in which Admiral Togo had been victorious. His death on such a day would fit in much better in future history textbooks.

A somewhat similar jockeying with history took place four years later, when the Foreign Office officially released news of the fall of Nanking, resulting in celebrations and victory parties. Two days later, after we had cabled the story, we were informed by our home offices that the Chinese still held Nanking.

When we queried the Japanese Foreign Office on this news release of theirs they simply shrugged and said the celebrations were merely a rehearsal for the actual fall of the city. As a matter of fact, Nanking did fall the next day, when the German advisers of Chiang Kai-shek decided it would be better to evacuate.



Revolution: An urgent telephone message the morning of February 26, 1936, got me out of a warm bed.

"The prime minister is dead. So is the finance minister. Troops are surrounding the palace. Better you get busy."

I drove direct to the *Yomiuri* office where the International News Service bureau was located. I was told by native newspapermen that many members of the Cabinet had

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been assassinated by the army, and several of the elder statesmen were injured.

Not a word could get through to the United States. The rebels had taken over the telegraph office.

A siege took place. Besides the leaders, several dozen police were killed. Only a thousand men had started the rebellion, but others joined. The crazed militarists, using an army duplicating machine, distributed pamphlets reading:

"Groups of elder statesmen around the throne and political leaders have been sapping the country's strength. Our purpose is to remove these evil men and protect the emperor and the people."

Meanwhile insiders were contacting the rebels to ascertain their friendliness. I was surprised to note on their return to the office that they were laughing. It appeared that the soldiers, most of them around our building, were not sure what they were up to. They knew only that they were hungry and had asked the newspapermen to phone rebel headquarters and send word they wanted to be relieved so that they could get their meals. This was done, and they let us pass without molestation.

I succeeded in reaching the Imperial Hotel where Mrs. Young and I would spend the night. The glass-partitioned doors were tied with bits of string—a precaution taken by the

bellboys who thought this would keep troops out!

The Imperial Hotel lobby was like a mad cattle run for all nationalities. It was a refugee camp inside and an armed camp outside.

Meanwhile the government announced that Premier Okada had been assassinated.

Truckloads of rebels tore through the city and, as we later learned, were in the countryside leaving their calling cards of death in tracking down friends of the imperial family whom they thought should be removed.

Reserves and regulars were called out—but they, too, joined the insurgents.

An ultimatum was issued especially written to appeal to the men who had been "misled" and which in the end brought the rebels' capitulation. The simplicity of the pamphlet's wording won the soldiers.

"By imperial command you are to return to your barracks. It is not too late! Your wives and children weep! Surrender at once! The emperor so commands. Give up or die."

In a few hours I saw the rebels being loaded into trucks. Belly-cutting followed. Several officers, feeling responsible for the outbreak, slashed themselves. Their wives had donned white silk kimonos—a sign of death.

The rebellion had been precipitated, I found, by the issuance of orders to two regiments located in the center of

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the city for service in Manchuria.

Only a handful knew the significance of the bugler sounding his pre-dawn call which would lead the men to seize the city, paralyze the nation and bring death to Japan's statesmen. In the five years previous "they"—that mysterious "they" which puzzled John Gunther when we were discussing Japan during his visit—had killed two prime ministers, one finance minister, one general, leading financial magnates and industrialists and a score or more private individuals.

One attempt had even been made on the emperor.

In Washington, Hiroshi Saito explained, "Japan has crazy men."

Four days later five Japanese newspapers simultaneously let go the steam sirens that announce their extras. The *Yomiuri* newsroom was in a panic of excitement.

"The premier is alive!"

It was explained that Premier Okada fortunately loved his rice wine too well. On the night of February 25th he had overtaxed himself and consequently his alcoholic slumbers had not been disturbed.

The rebels by mistake had shot his brother-in-law!

The premier spent four days hiding in a kitchen cabinet until the rebels gave permission for a funeral cortege to enter the grounds and remove the official corpse. The premier was placed in the coffin with his dead

brother-in-law and passed through the rebel guards.

Thus a dead man served to bring a premier back to life!

It was a funny revolution in some respects. We could saunter out and talk to the rebels. They were friendly and anxious to explain their cause. The soldiers were of the country peasantry. The rich families of the nation were making a fortune on war orders. International diplomacy was becoming too complex. They felt that wiping out the government would restore Japan to normalcy.

As a matter of record, the empire has not been normal since 1931 when the army rushed into Manchuria, and I see no signs in the future except those of upheaval and distress.

A year later another revolution was in the making.

In Parliament the Diet members hurled violent epithets, charging that the government under Premier Hirota had failed to straighten out matters with the army and that international relations were worse.

The Diet members were right but the army resented the challenge. The war minister said he and the army had been insulted.

The people's representatives set up a commotion, with Statesman Hamada offering to apologize by belly-cutting on the floor of Parliament if it was thought that his army attacks had been anything but the truth. "And

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commit suicide yourself," he admonished the war minister.

The Cabinet, in a stalemate, and Premier Hirota and others, fearing assassination, resigned.

Evidently the Japanese did not appreciate that unity, like charity, begins at home.



Appointing a new premier:

It was felt that General Ugaki, with his military background, could handle the more rational fanatics in the military

cliques and would therefore be a logical man to head the new cabinet.

The procedure of selecting a premier starts with a group of high palace advisers who call on the elder statesman, and with his approval formally present the name of the premier-designate to the emperor. The Japanese newspapers put on a Gilbert-Sullivan display when they cover the appointment of a prime minister.

Each newspaper has its own house flag. On a big story and as a matter of promotion as well as face with the public, not two or three reporters from a paper will cover the several angles involved, but two dozen or three dozen. The boys that night got the flash from the palace on General Ugaki. They tore across town in high-powered American touring cars, flags flying from their sockets on the front

bumpers, followed by a truck or two carrying tents, poles, flags, lanterns and telephone equipment, bedding, charcoal pots and supplies necessary for a substantial newspaper vigil. Then followed a motorcycle or two from each paper, with pigeons, step-ladders, boxes of plates, cameras and bulbs, baskets and cameramen.

When processions like this converge in Tokio's narrow streets, having come across the city at the speed of a seven-alarm-fire dash, there is more excitement than a real fire.

I was in the midst of this fourth-estate riot.

Immediately the highly competitive newspaper staffs set up tents in the garden of the general, of course without consulting with him. After all, he was public property. Flags were put atop the tents to show that the respective papers were all represented. Benches were laid out. Inkpots appeared—Japanese reporters use brush and ink in writing their stories and not typewriters.

The pigeons were put carefully to one side to be used to send flashlight negatives and news dispatches written on fine rice paper. In less than an hour the newspaper village had well over three hundred inhabitants. The home of the general was seething with the craziest frock-coated collection of reporters that I have ever seen. Each reporter had at least ten assistants.

Word came that the general was

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preparing to leave for the palace. At the doorstep he sat on the sill to put on his high button shoes, as a battery of flashlights registered the effect.

We cheered as he left. We wrote our stories. We waited in the garden for the general to return so that we could get the Cabinet list. In less than an hour his car returned followed by one painted brown and by a motorcycle.

There was something wrong somewhere.

The grim-faced tough old soldier, who had been summoned by God to form a Cabinet was angry and defeated. On the way to the palace his car had been stopped by several young officers from the dreaded Gestapo storm-trooper gang. Pointedly they suggested to him that he was not in "good health" and had better return home.

This case is the most concrete example of the interference of these young whippersnappers of the military cliques in Tokio. The general knew that the heat was on and that, although the emperor had ordered him to organize the government, his health, bad or good, would not last long.

I submit to those few Americans who today speak of dealing lightly with Japan, who say that we should give the Japanese a chance to assert themselves and co-operate with them, that it is impossible to do so while the empire remains in their hands.

In defense, these men, had they killed the general that night, would have pleaded that they were forced to take such action to "protect" the emperor from unhealthy political advice.

That defense statement stands in a Japanese court.

While the real Japanese leaders live in seclusion and fear, the United States cannot make satisfactory negotiations with the Japanese government. Any decision would be immediately overthrown by the crazed elements with their deluded and imperialistic ideas.



China: The desperate, gloomy internal condition of Japan has been brought home to the average Japanese by an estimated three hundred thousand dead and eight hundred thousand sick and injured in the China campaign. The people everywhere ask, "Why has not China given up?"

One afternoon I was told that Prince Konoye and several others were anxious to obtain firsthand information about certain conditions in China.

It was more than a hint. I had been planning a trip to China to prepare some special material for three Japanese newspapers. I went to Nanking at the suggestion of Japanese army

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officials. They wanted me to see the "wonderful pacification work" they were doing. The city and surrounding country were indeed pacified.

Nanking, I found, was a city of the dead.

The Japanese constantly harp on the New Order in Asia. Those of us who have had to cover this New Order refer to it as the New Odor. It smells of narcotics, greenback currency, trade monopoly, assassinations, crop failures and famine.

I was in China for nearly a month and was able to obtain a true picture of internal conditions particularly from disillusioned Japanese in the occupied zone.

What I discovered confirmed reports I had heard repeatedly in Tokio, that Japan was stymied in China, that her army could advance no farther in any large military campaign, that Japan could not hold what she occupied and that she could not withdraw because of loss of face.

Two questions I had on my mind I used in all of my interviews in Chungking.

One: the Japanese say they are waging war on China to save China and to drive Communism from China. The Chinese answer was: If the Japanese think there is Communism here and wish to drive it out they should attack it at the source—Moscow, not in China. Which I rated as an excellent and logical answer.

Two: why have the Chinese never bombed Japan? The Chinese answer was: They did not wish to be condemned by the world for taking aggressive tactics against Japanese civilians and would use their planes only to defend themselves against Japanese attacks.

I talked with numbers of Japanese prisoners. They told me they could never return home. The question of face is involved. Officially there are no Japanese prisoners. Hence all men missing are automatically put down as dead and death bounties paid on them. A Japanese prisoner could not return home without bringing shame to his family and, even more important, directly calling the government a liar for publishing his death.

There was also an economic problem involved. At the beginning of the war the Japanese army was paying a full death benefit, but now the government was paying about one-third down, a third within a year and the rest in Liberty bonds which could not be readily cashed. The average soldier could not repay the death benefit.

Prisoners were turned loose to wander about on their own. Realizing the matter of face involved, the Chinese had no fear of any prisoner escaping. Finally, in desperation, most of the prisoners sought out a prison camp where they remained in far more comfort than they would have enjoyed had they returned to

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their once beloved Japan.

Later I was to be indicted and found guilty for reporting all this. The Japanese police insisted that I must be lying, for officially there were no prisoners in China. Yet many prisoners asked me to deliver messages to their families in Japan!

Will Japan conquer China? I am asked this question everywhere.

The answer is in a summary by the late Will Rogers:

"Years ago great hordes of Mongolians came over to conquer the Chinese. Now they have gone back for more Mongolians."



Spyphobia: Japan for years has suffered from spyphobia. It has, in fact, become a major industry. The sporadic detention of foreigners is usually heralded

by a fantastic display of lurid newspaper stories having to do with anti-foreignism. An example was the absurd detention of Swiss owners of dairy cattle on a small island not far from Kobe. The inspired press broke out with charges that the cattle were spying on the Japanese fortified zone! They meant that the owners were plotting against the empire on their periodic trips to look over the herd.

An American banker was questioned by the police. They had observed that he had turned on certain

lights in his house at two and three A. M. Why?

He explained that something he had eaten had affected him and that the light they had seen had been in the bathroom.

In their spyphobia even natural functions are unnatural in Japan.

The wife of an American official, returning to her hotel room one day, surprised a man she knew to be one of the spies ransacking her trunks. With diplomatic thoughtfulness she saved his "face." Pretending she thought he was the room boy she had him thoroughly dust, wash and clean the place, put away the clothes, pack and repack until the man was completely exhausted.

He was given a new assignment.

At one time we were led to believe that James Jordan, a Danish subject, was the spy catch of the century.

He was released when large photo negatives, seized in his room, proved to be X-ray films of fractured ribs and not photo charts of Japan's rivers and inlets.



I am arrested: I was preparing to leave on a trip when I was invited to the police station to "talk something."

I immediately telephoned Ambassador Grew. Against the protests of the policeman I rode to the

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police station in the embassy car.

At the police station she stated "thirty minutes" dragged themselves into five miserable hours, which in turn dragged themselves into two months of solitary confinement.

When the Japanese arrest you there is no warrant. You are not taken before a desk sergeant and booked. You are thrown in a cell and kept there as long as they want to hold you without ever preferring charges.

You are strictly incommunicado.

During all this time I was constantly examined and cross-examined on the basis of "evidence" they dug up from my files and the testimony of stool pigeons. I was accused of receiving huge sums of money for articles which made "Japanese-American relations worse."

I persisted in saying that I had not prejudiced American opinion, since conditions between the two countries could not be worse. I told them that the latest Gallup poll showed American public opinion ninety-two per cent unfavorable to Japan.

I was called a fool.

They looked into everything no matter how trivial. For example: Walter Winchell had broadcast "What are they holding you for? Spreading peace rumors?"

Who is Winchell? they demanded. What does he mean?

"I don't know," I replied. "In New York they have a different dialect

from my part of the country and I cannot understand him."

They dropped the matter.

When my case finally came to trial, all the material which the nitwit stools had produced was thrown out by the judge. We then moved to indict the men for perjury in order to break down the numerous fabricated stories on which the police thought they could get a conviction. They refused, however, to let us bring in these men, because it would mean indictment of their own officials!

Nine independent Japanese citizens' committees were organized to fight on my behalf. Finally with the intervention of the State Department and various Japanese my trial was set.

The judge handed down a verdict after one week that, "irrespective of the truth contained in your articles I must find you guilty." He dwelt at length on the fact that I was from a country where freedom of the press and free speech exists and concluded, therefore, that he would suspend my six months' jail sentence.



Starvation and slavery:

Returning to everyday life in Tokio after two months in jail I was able to see with clearer perspective just what the army fanatics had actually done to Japan and her people.

A vast army of men, women and

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children were suffering from a series of miserable rice crops. Relief agencies were demanding that the government rehabilitate these destitute farmers and save them from the shameful evil of selling their daughters to the brothel brokers.

It seemed almost unbelievable in Japan, long noted for its love of children, that frail, starved teen-age daughters were being sold at fifteen dollars each by parents who were unable to buy food.

Japan faces her greatest crisis. She is stagnated with goods she cannot export, and she is plagued with a lack of cash with which to import raw materials. A severe depression has set in to paralyze her business.

Her people groan under their self-imposed load in China. Japanese leaders fear the consequences of inevitable failure. They are whistling in the darkness of an international graveyard. Japan has not a friend in the world.

Peace with such leaders as Japan now has is impossible.

I do not want my loyal Japanese friends to think I have collected a lot of vitriolic material, forgetting in so doing the good points of the people at large. Doubtless, their government officials will condemn my statements and deny my facts.

But real Japanese will be silent, for they know at heart it is the truth I write, even though it hurts.

Part Time Profits

In past months, a very substantial number of men and women from nearly all walks of life have made welcome additions to their incomes by introducing Coronet to others. Representing Coronet in your community or your neighborhood provides a simple and dignified means of securing extra pleasures which you might otherwise be unable to afford. At the same time, too, this extra-income activity has another less monetary reward—the knowledge that you will be introducing others to Coronet's illuminating and entertaining editorial content. Probably there are enough prospective Coronet readers in your own circle of friends to give you a handsome return, since the remuneration is more than generous. If you are interested in joining the rapidly growing number of men and women who are thus securing extra-income profits by acting as part-time Coronet Representatives in their communities, you need only write to Department C., Coronet, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois. Promptly upon receipt of your request, all necessary particulars will be forwarded directly to you.

Encore of the Month

"My wife and I have nothing. We can't entertain, or go to the theatre. We live in this house on \$30 a month. But that isn't important. I know I'm writing as I should write—and nothing will ever stop me. But of course, writing is no way to get rich."

The man quoted thus in a Coronet personality sketch, several years ago, was described as "big-boned and rumple-haired."

His name was John Steinbeck.

Since then, of course, *Of Mice and Men* and *The Grapes of Wrath* have made this man who writes as he feels he should write quite rich. And he has become a leading American writer.

Now, in collaboration with Herbert

Kline, he has made a motion picture, *The Forgotten Village*—the most striking example to date of the new pen-camera method of narration.

A clever moral could be drawn from this success story of Steinbeck: about doing a thing the very best way you think it should be done. But the editors reach a more selfish conclusion.

To help introduce a man by writing about him when he's on the way up—and then to introduce his finest work when he's at the top—is, in newspaper jargon, a real scoop.

We were pleased earlier in Coronet's history to introduce the personality of John Steinbeck. Now we are thrilled to condense his *The Forgotten Village* as a Coronet feature.

The Coronet Dividend Coupon

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READER DIVIDEND COUPON No. 9

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Please send me one unfolded reprint of the gatefold subject indicated below. I understand that I can receive the gatefold, "Flapper Shooting" as my free October reprint dividend, by checking the box next to it. I understand, also, that I may obtain either, or both, of the alternative dividends at 10c each (to cover the cost of production and handling charges), if I so indicate.

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The Coronet Workshop

RESULTS OF BALLOTING ON PROJECT #11

Games and quizzes have always been popular with Coronet readers—so much so that when the Game of International I.Q. was introduced, back in the June issue, the editors were reasonably certain in advance what results to expect. Here is the way you voted:

86% have given their approval or qualified approval to a continuation of this feature in future issues.

14% have indicated their desire that the feature be dropped from the magazine altogether.

Obviously, that's pretty conclusive—and probably not very much of a surprise to anyone. Therefore, until such time as Coronet readers decide differently, the Game of International I.Q. will continue to appear as a monthly feature.

Meanwhile, for those who found the first clues too difficult, the editors will try to make them more obvious. For those who thought the initial efforts too obvious, the editors will essay to make them more opaque.

And good sleuthing to all.

WINNERS OF THE AWARDS FOR PROJECT #11

For the best letter on Project No. 11, first prize has been awarded to Mr. B. M. Starks, Jr., Atlanta, Georgia; second to Janice M. Swarner, Cleveland, Ohio; and third to Mrs. Elizabeth Jennings, New Haven, Conn.

Project #15

CORONET'S FICTION FEATURE—II

No Coronet feature has ever been developed more directly in adherence to the wishes of readers than the new Fiction Feature, the second of which—*All Routes Covered*—appears in this issue. Yet, since no one can know exactly in advance what a custom-built job will look like completed, Coronet readers are given this additional opportunity to tell the editors how the illustrated Fiction Feature strikes them.

- a. Should the Fiction Feature be continued regularly in Coronet?
- b. Should the Fiction Feature be discontinued in Coronet?

By voting for one of the two above alternatives, giving the reasons for your choice, you may win one of Coronet's monthly awards of \$25 first prize, \$15 second prize or \$5 third prize. Letters should be mailed before October 25th to the Coronet Workshop, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Illinois.

Manuscripts, photographs and other materials submitted for publication should be addressed to CORONET, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois, and must be accompanied by postage or by provision for payment of carrying charges if their return is desired in the event of non-purchase. No responsibility will be assumed for loss or damage of unsolicited materials submitted. Subscribers' notices of change of address must be received one month before they are to take effect. Both old and new addresses should be given.



